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Contents

The Week 202

Editorials

The Anglo-American Naval Problem 204
The Great American Lottery 206
Uncle Sam as Don Quixote 208

General Articles

Farewell to the Shopkeeper ..... George Soule 210
Cleveland ..... R. L. Duffus 212
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 216
English Actors ..... Stark Young 217
Lachaise: Sculptor of Repose ..... Gilbert Seldes 219
A New York Diary 220

Correspondence 221

Reviews of Books

American Heroes ..... Edmund Wilson 223
Performed by Starlight ..... T. S. Matthews 226
A Sociologist's Roadside Notes ..... Lewis Mumford 226
The Bright Doom ..... Robert Penn Warren 227
Recent Fiction 227

The Week

SECRETARY of Labor Davis's report, in response to Senator Wagner's resolution, that there are only 1,870,050 persons out of work in the United States at present—if the report actually says what the newspapers say it says—is a serious underestimate, based on a most casual interpretation of figures. The survey received by Mr. Davis from Commissioner Ethelbert Stewart of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that there was a shrinkage of employment in manufacturing establishments and railroads, between January, 1925, and January, 1928, of 753,107, or 7.43 percent. By applying the same percentage to other occupations, the figure of 1,874,050 is arrived at. (Notice the 50.) But this is merely a figure for shrinkage in *employment*. It takes no account of the growth of population, which steadily adds to the number of those of employable age. It takes no account of those farmers (not employees) who have given up the struggle on the land to look for work in the cities. It ignores the shrinkage in employment between 1923 and 1925, which was considerable. And it ignores the large numbers who were out of work even in the prosperous year taken as a starting point. Addition of moderate estimates for these factors could not fail to swell the Secretary's figures by at least 5,000,000—3,000,000 for the increase of the population of employable age, 500,000 for the farmers, 500,000 for the shrinkage in employment between 1923 and 1925, and 1,000,000 for those out of work in 1923. His total, with these corrections, would, therefore, become 6,874,000—70 percent larger than the estimate of 4,000,000 which he says is too big. The 4,000,000 estimate is really much more conservative than Mr. Davis's, because it does not assume that the same shrinkage in employment occurred in non-manufacturing as in manufacturing occupations, but on the contrary attributes to them an overbalancing increase.

IT IS useless, however, to quibble too acrimoniously about the number of unemployed within a margin of a million or two, because nobody has enough figures on which to base an accurate estimate. The real ground of complaint against the administration in this special connection is not that the unemployed number 4,000,000 or 6,000,000 instead of 1,874,050, but that no machinery exists by which the facts may be known. This is not Mr. Ethelbert Stewart's fault, nor is it primarily Mr. Davis's fault. Similar disputes as to the number of unemployed arose during the President's Conference on Unemployment in 1922 under the leadership of Secretary Hoover, and it was brought out at the time that the only means by which the major facts could be learned would be the establishment of a coördinated national system of employment exchanges, at which the unemployed would register, either for assignment to jobs if jobs were available, or for distribution of unemployment compensation from an insurance fund. With such a system regularly in operation, we could watch carefully the trend of unemployment and take measures against it in time, instead of waiting for the usual complaints which receive publicity only when a crisis is upon us, and the usual debate between those who see the need for relief and those who wish to minimize the gravity of the situation. In spite of this

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demonstration six years ago, the administration has not moved a little finger to establish such a systematic means of dealing with unemployment.

ANOTHER session of the League's Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has met and adjourned, with nothing accomplished. It was inevitable that this should be so; in the present mood of Europe, attempts at disarmament, or even any serious limitation of military and naval power, must wait upon the old and vexed question of security, and on that point, the past few months have seen, not merely no progress, but some regression. The alliance between France and Jugoslavia, the "understanding" between Italy and Hungary, have tended to set up something very like the old-fashioned balance of power which was an important cause of the Great War. If the Russians repeated their proposal for complete, universal disarmament in order to show up the unreality of the talk about peace in which the Western European statesmen indulge, they succeeded. If the proposal was genuine—and it is almost impossible to believe that it was—it was so ingenuous as to call into question the mental competence of those responsible for it. There are no such doubts as to Great Britain's last-minute suggestion that further reductions should be sought in the size of capital ships and gun calibers. The United States held at Geneva last June that these questions were settled at the Washington Conference of 1921, and that they should not be reopened until that entire agreement comes up for fresh consideration. Under the circumstances, it can only be supposed that the British were seeking to create for themselves a little moral credit in the last hours of a conference which has otherwise been a gloomy failure.

SPAIN has decided not to withdraw from the League of Nations, and the Geneva body may be said to have got safely round a rather bad corner. Whether the decision will have any effect on the actions of the Argentine Republic and Brazil, both of which are at present in a state of grave disaffection, remains to be seen. Welcome as is Spain's decision to remain in the League, we should not blind ourselves as to the way in which this was brought about. Great Britain and France, acting together and in no way officially, undoubtedly bought off Primo de Rivera by making concessions whose character and scope will probably come to light in the near future—perhaps before the present negotiations over Tangier are ended. The most significant fact about international European affairs today is that the important decisions are still made by the great powers alone, behind closed doors.

PROHIBITION has been a boon to the production of candy, and many of the larger firms have been bought up by outside capital which has installed mass-production methods. But an investigation of working and sanitary conditions in these and other candy factories, by the Consumers' League of New York, shows that the situation of the workers is still deplorable. The industry pays the lowest wages of any in the state—many of the women receive only $12 to $14 a week. Employment is extremely irregular, according to the season; labor turn-over is high. In some of the working-rooms the temperature is but 50 to 60 degrees; in others it is 80. Overtime is worked, often in violation of the law, and many of the jobs are exhausting in the extreme. Benches and belts are not at the proper height; seats are not provided where they might be used. Lavatories often do not contain facilities for washing the hands. When fingers must be wet to perform certain tasks, girls are taught to lick them. The inferior factories are dirty and badly lighted. The crudest employment methods are often used. Some few factories, of course, provide much better conditions, but the consumer has no way of distinguishing them. The Consumers' League would be performing a great service if it would prepare a "white list" of those candy manufacturers who comply with its minimum standards.

ON several occasions in recent years, President Wallace W. Atwood, of Clark University, has been in the limelight because of conflicts between the students and himself. Shortly after he became President, succeeding the wise and broad-minded G. Stanley Hall, he interrupted a speech by Scott Nearing of whose content he did not approve, by turning out the lights in the assembly hall where it was being delivered. Subsequent incidents have been of the same general tenor. A few weeks ago he dismissed three college editors on what seem to be trivial charges; and when a mass meeting of the student body adopted a resolution asking their reinstatement, he refused to grant it. Now three other students have left the University in protest against the expulsion of their fellows. They were all seniors and all honor men; one of them was president of the student body, another was president of the Clark chapter of a national honorary debating society, and the third, chairman of the Liberal Club. In a letter to Dr. Atwood the students say:

> We entered college believing that Clark, in spirit and tradition, possessed a genius for fostering an intellectually alert and critical-minded student body, encouraging the unrestricted commerce of ideas and inspiring that spirit of tolerance which is an essential quality in any significant educational system. It seems that we were mistaken and that this heritage of former greatness has been completely destroyed during the eight years in which you have been President of the University. . . . We would remind you that Clark University is not a collection of buildings. It is a living organism composed of young and eager men toward whom you have voluntarily assumed a vital relationship. This relationship you have betrayed. You have substituted choler and caprice for wisdom and tolerance. You have quenched every spark of

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> forthright intellectual integrity and freedom on the part of the students. . . . [In the expulsion of the three editors] there is a fundamental American principle of justice and liberty at stake. You have grossly betrayed this principle. Because we still believe in the inherent integrity of that principle we ask you to accept our resignations as a protest and as an affirmation. We protest your continued presence as head of what was once a great university. And we affirm a belief that the great body of college students of today are increasingly realizing that the maintenance of intellectual freedom is worth any personal sacrifice.

SENATOR COUZENS has demanded that Mr. Mellon resign, and the Secretary of the Treasury has let it be known that he will not do so until Mr. Coolidge joins in the request—something which is about as likely as it is that Mr. Hoover will come out for Dawes for President. The Michigan Senator alleges against the Tsar of Pittsburgh that he kept silent about the Hays attempt to foist off some Sinclair bonds on him; that he participated in, and heartily approved of, the senatorial campaign of George Wharton Pepper, in which $1,800,000 was spent, though Vare, the successful opponent, spent only 40 percent as much and was debarred from the Senate for doing so; that a federal statute prohibits the Secretary of the Treasury from engaging in "trade or commerce," which Mr. Mellon indubitably does; that various Mellon companies have received too tender treatment from the government, though sometimes engaged in illegal acts; and that the Pittsburgh Coal Company, a Mellon corporation, deliberately hampered the recent senatorial committee investigating conditions in the coal industry. Most of these charges are, by common knowledge, true; the conditions they describe are inevitable when one of the two or three richest men in the United States is called to be Secretary of the Treasury. What Mr. Couzens failed to say is that this situation grows out of the political philosophy of the dominant wing of the Republican party. This is the sort of relationship between government and business which the party wants; and it is much too late in the day for an intelligent man like Mr. Couzens to pretend to be surprised that it exists.

The Anglo-American Naval Problem

THE March issue of the Round Table includes an article entitled "The Naval Problem" which Americans who are interested in the naval policy of their country will find it profitable to read. The article contains not only a full and fair account of the naval conference in Geneva last summer and a trustworthy explanation of how and why it failed, but also an illuminating discussion of sea-power in its relation to British and American national interests and to the problem of international organization. It is particularly thorough and dispassionate in its exploration of the technical controversies which wrecked the Geneva Conference, doing in our opinion exact justice to the reasons which induced both the British and the American delegates to assume and to persist in irreconcilable attitudes. But of no less interest is the interpretation which the author places upon the disposition in this country to maintain a fleet at least as large and powerful as that of Great Britain. According to his interpretation, "the primary significance" of the American policy is "that the United States is beginning to reënter that international arena from which it retreated so abruptly in 1920." "No nation can contemplate the creation of the most powerful [naval] armament in the world without producing far-reaching effects both on its own outlook and on that of all other nations."

This interpretation seems to us essentially correct, and Americans would do well to consider closely its meanings. Our fellow countrymen have allowed their general attitude toward war and armaments to determine their opinions both about the breakdown at Geneva last summer and about the naval building program of their own government. On the whole, the people who supported the government and favored armaments were usually disposed to keep the United States out of the European "international arena." The people who criticized their government and opposed the program of cruiser-building favored the assumption by the United States of an increased responsibility for European peace. The fact is, however, as the Round Table suggests, that the attitude toward American national interest on the high seas which explains the resistance which the administration put up at Geneva to the British cruiser program, and which has since induced it to favor the building of additional 10,000-ton cruisers, will in the long run tend to bring about the participation of the American government in the organization of world peace. Those Americans who question the assertion of American interests on the high seas by means of increased naval power and are willing to yield maritime supremacy of a kind to Great Britain, are depriving their country of the power to participate effectively, responsibly, normally and positively in international and, specifically, in European politics.

The United States is culturally, but not physically or economically, a part of Europe. It is the child of European navigators, and it is connected with Europe and with other continents only by oceanic highways. It achieved its independence as a result of a protest against British navigation laws. Its collisions with European countries have always been the result of what Americans considered to be the abuse of sea-power. The law and politics which are enforced on the oceanic highways are its chief international concern. They provide the route by which it naturally enters the "arena" of Euro-

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pean and other international politics. Eventually, no doubt, this international area will be described more properly as a forum than an arena, and we all hope that the United States will contribute to this change, but at present, if it is only willing to play the part of Androcles, the unarmed and long-suffering Christian, it will do well to stay out. On the other hand, if it proposes to take part in a show with lions and gladiators for consorts, and if it is itself at heart rather a lion than an Androcles, it should, if it is to hold its own, assume the panoply of a lion rather than a lamb.

The future security of the United States depends entirely upon the control which exists hereafter on the ocean highways. As a result of the World War it acquired the power to challenge the practically exclusive naval supremacy which the British Empire had exercised since the fall of Napoleon. The challenge was, however, in a measure unintentional. It had planned its huge program of new construction in 1916 as the result of the feeling that a world in which the Great War could take place was an extremely dangerous world—one in which it behooved an inoffensive, but wealthy, people to be well protected. The writer in the Round Table attributes the American naval program of 1916 to President Wilson's resentment at the British censorship of neutral trade, but unless our recollection is at fault, the enlargement of the American Navy was not aimed particularly at Great Britain. It was instigated by a sense of insecurity in general. The larger Navy was intended primarily as an insurance for the United States against the possibility of German victory and against a military-mad Europe. When, after the War, the American people found themselves possessed of an enormously formidable and burdensome navy which was capable of disputing the British control of the seas, they did not know what to do with it. In spite of a few foolish utterances, they did not seek maritime supremacy. What they wanted was security for their commerce and protection against invasion. They were entirely content with the results of the Washington Conference, which they interpreted as a fifty-fifty arrangement, guaranteeing to them the control of their own waters and equality of power with Great Britain on the high seas.

Equality of naval power is, however, a status which it is difficult to establish, and still more difficult to maintain. The American nation was in 1921 building a navy which might reasonably be interpreted in Great Britain and Japan as aggressive, and which was bound, if constructed intentionally as the largest navy in the world, to be the agent of American imperial power. On the other hand, it discovered some years later to its surprise that, by ceasing practically all construction, it was drifting back into a condition of decisive inferiority. Its government called the Geneva Conference for the purpose of restoring equality. It immediately encountered proposals by the British government which would have resulted either in substantial cruiser inferiority for the United States or else in a new and expensive American program of cruiser construction. Many Americans, consequently, jumped to the conclusion that the British government, instead of wishing to disarm, sought to recover its former exclusive control of the high seas, and thus in part to destroy the equality of naval power which, from the American point of view, was the high justification of the Washington Conference. For a while some such intention seemed to the New Republic to be the most reasonable explanation of the British behavior. We are convinced, however, by the explanation in the Round Table, which is clearly authoritative, that the British did not harbor any such intention. The British government inconsiderately blundered into a program of cruiser construction which to American eyes seemed to be designed chiefly to regain for the British navy in the event of war the power of life and death over enemy and neutral commerce. As the Round Table points out, if the British Foreign Office had said officially and publicly to the American State Department, "We are building these ships because Europe is still a potential volcano, and we must secure our communications in view of what other powers are building," it might have counteracted the not unreasonable impression that the new cruisers were being built to prevent the United States in the event of war from disputing the control of the inter-continental highways with Great Britain.

It should not be impossible, however, with good will and candor on both sides, to recover and maintain a standard of substantial equality between the two navies. During the past winter there has been an improvement in the attitude on the part of both governments. Our own Navy Department has, however, been less conciliatory than the British Admiralty. Its proposed fleet of twenty-five 10,000-ton cruisers would, when completed, have been able, presumably, to drive the British cruiser fleet from certain important trade routes in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and it was for that reason an unwise and unnecessary menace to British security. On the other hand, the program of cruiser construction which the naval appropriation bill of the House calls for, looks toward a restoration of equality rather than American supremacy, and since its publication there has been a noticeable abatement in the expression of ill-will towards this country in England. Whenever negotiations are resumed, an agreement between the two governments to limit future cruiser construction might take one of two forms. Great Britain might agree to the possession by the United States of more 10,000-ton cruisers, provided the American government would agree to the possession by the British navy of a larger total cruiser tonnage. Or, if the American government would abandon its insistence upon arming all its

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cruisers with eight-inch guns, the British government might abandon its demand for exact parity in 10,000-ton ships.

No formal agreement about cruiser construction is, however, for the present necessary. The present official American program of new construction is not aggressive. It looks only in the direction of repairing the manifest deficiency of the American Navy in an indispensable type of vessel, and its construction can proceed without provoking apprehension and resentment in Great Britain. The renewal of negotiations about comparative cruiser tonnage can apparently be postponed without ill consequences until 1931, when in any event they must, under the Washington Agreement, be resumed. It should be remarked, however, that when they are resumed, the conditions under which the negotiations take place will be more rather than less difficult. For in addition to the unruly and complicated technical controversies which wrecked the Geneva Conference, and the other similar technical questions which will be raised by the participation of France and Italy, the members of the next international congress will be extremely conscious of certain fundamental economic and political issues which are involved by any international agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. The next naval congress cannot ignore these issues without being certain that they will fester below the surface and produce disagreements about the fair and desirable limitation of various types of naval vessels. It was the inability of the Washington Conference to limit submarine construction, caused chiefly by political differences between Great Britain and France, which brought about the competition in cruiser construction. The naval conference of 1931 will, consequently, obtain an importance in relation to European politics and international organization greater than that of 1921, and the American government will be better equipped to exercise its proper influence there, if in the meantime it does not abate its insistence upon a substantial equality of sea-power with that of Great Britain.

Americans need to understand better than they do how much substantial equality of sea-power implies. It means, in the first place, a willingness on the part of each government and each people to trust its security in part to the good faith of its partner. As the result of equality they would both be protected against invasion (except from the air), but they would both be exposed in the event of war with each other to the destruction of a part of their oceanic commerce, which might, considering the probable future growth of such commerce, be essential to their existence. As a result, also, of equality, the two governments are obliged to assume in their attitude toward each other the impossibility of war. They must trust one another to that extent, just as Canada trusts the United States. The alternative would be a competition in armaments in which the United States could, because of its superior resources, ultimately prevail; but it would pay dearly for its success. In that event, it would probably provoke a hostile European coalition. It is clearly the policy of the United States, unless it wishes to become a curse to the world, to do once again what it did in 1921, that is, to renounce the perilous egotism of the attempt to convert its own security into an excuse for an exclusive imperialism. But this is not all. Equality of sea-power as between the English-speaking peoples implies something more than merely a trustful, but, in the absence of a political understanding, a necessarily watchful, armed neutrality between them. An Anglo-American-Japanese partnership in sea-power would be a threat to the security of other peoples unless it furnished guarantees against aggression to non-naval powers, and there can be little doubt about the form which these guarantees should take. Both governments should be willing to accept "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." It will be difficult to phrase those international covenants so that the United States may enter into them—difficult, but not impossible. The only terms on which the United States can escape the responsibility of participating in such covenants is to abandon its share in the naval control of the oceanic trade routes to Great Britain and Japan.

The Great American Lottery

DAY after day of soaring prices on the stock exchange has provided a popular excitement which it would be difficult to parallel except during the cheerier period of such a phenomenon as the late Florida land boom. Seldom has so long a bull movement continued—with, of course, minor interruptions—and almost never in our financial history have the prices of shares risen so rapidly while there was widespread complaint of inadequate profits and falling commodity prices. Again and again the wiseacres have predicted deflation of the market, only to be surprised by its continued buoyancy. The market may collapse with an equally surprising suddenness. Perhaps it will do so before this paper reaches the reader. But whether it does or not, the existing state of affairs calls for comment.

The first and most frequently advanced explanation is the large volume of credit available to speculators. Loans to brokers were on the steep upgrade ever since the first quarter of 1926, until they receded slightly after the first of this year. The tightening of bank credit consequent upon the raising of the Federal Reserve rediscount rate several months ago did not produce the shrinkage in

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these loans which was expected, because almost as rapidly as the banks withdrew their loans other large interests placed money in the market, to take advantage of the call rates—and perhaps for other purposes as well. At the present time, corporations and other non-bank lenders are supplying well over one-quarter of the credit needed by brokers to carry their margin accounts. The total of loans to brokers still remains at about $3,750,000,000, in spite of the banks' efforts to restrict them. Among the main causes of the continued boom must therefore be listed the enormous amount of free funds in the hands of the big companies, which are neither being used in their own businesses, nor held on deposit in the banks, nor invested in other securities. When, for any reason, these funds are withdrawn, we may expect to see the market fall, unless the banks at the same time adopt a more liberal credit policy.

But credit alone would not boost the market unless there were a demand for it on the part of buyers of stocks. The demand is what has sustained the interest rates which have attracted much of the money. A large part of this demand has, as everyone knows, come from professional operators and pools who, as "insiders," have for various reasons decided that it was to their advantage to remain temporarily on the bull side. Their calculations have had little, if anything, to do with the general state of business and trade. On account of their influence, every bit of favorable news about the industrial situation is magnified; unfavorable news is overlooked. The fortunes of small speculators and the outsiders are to a considerable extent dependent on the policy of these great interests. And the chances are enormous, if we may judge by financial history, that they will sell out near the top of the market, leaving the public to "hold the bag" when the decline comes.

There is, however, more question than ever before whether the inside interests completely dominate the situation, as they have in the past. The most extraordinary phenomenon is the extent to which the small, non-professional speculators and investors are participating in the market. The great increase in the national income which we have experienced since 1922 has gone very largely, it appears, to the numerous persons who receive incomes of $5,000 a year and up. Thousands have small cash surpluses who before the War found use in buying current necessities for every dollar they could lay their hands on. Liberty bonds have been redeemed in quantities, pouring cash into the purses of the population. And the possibilities of making money on the stock exchange have received tremendous advertising. "Services" and dope-sheets have multiplied and prospered. Special magazines devoted to Wall Street have grown up by the dozen. Newspaper space commenting on the market long ago began to rival the racing and sporting pages. Those who have piled up speculative profits during the recent years of appreciation have told their friends, and the friends have tried it and told their friends in turn. Large sections of people have been educated to the fact that here was a quick and easy way to make money, that the small investor did not necessarily need to hold to the limited return of savings-bank deposits and gilt-edged bonds. The same discovery has led to the rapid growth of investment trusts, by means of which the small investor may secure the benefits of diversification and expert management—the devices which enable the big fellow safely to reap the larger profits in stock holdings.

The eyes of most of these persons have been fixed, not primarily upon the yield of their purchases through the dividends paid, but on the profits to be made through appreciation of their shares on the market. They are conscious of the fact that such appreciation has in the past been rapid and substantial, in the case of many strong companies, through the growth of business, the accumulation of surplus, and the distribution of stock dividends in one form or another. In this sense, they are not merely speculating on the short-run turn of stock-market prices. They expect basic values to go on increasing, almost without interruption. For this reason, probably, they pay but little attention to the fact that in many cases the prices of shares have risen so high that present dividends yield but a moderate return. They are used to seeing such returns increase, and values rise proportionately. Many of them do not operate on margin at all, and many others carry much wider margins than was customary in the case of small speculators ten years ago. It would, therefore, require the apprehension, not of a minor slump, but of a major industrial catastrophe, to scare them out of the market altogether. They are much more likely to shift from one line of shares to another, or from one company to another, as prices and prospects change.

Playing the market in this way has become a national institution for the large class of the prosperous—and for many others as well—ranking in the intensity of its interest beside golf and bridge. It is not primarily a business solemnly pursued for gain, but a fascinating sport, in which for a long time it has seemed possible for everybody to win, matching their wits against each other only by the extent of their comparative gains. The stock market is the national gaming table, comparable to the lotteries in Latin countries in the extent to which it engages popular attention, but more suitable to the American temperament in that it seems to offer a larger opportunity for the substitution of shrewdness for pure chance.

It is true, of course, that the advances of recent weeks have not extended so widely throughout the whole list, but have been more concentrated in a few spectacular leaders. There are signs that the pure excitement of the game is tending to overshadow the limited amount of caution with which

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it has formerly been pursued. If the time should arrive when, in the hope of extravagant gains, commitments become too heavy and margins are unduly narrowed, the professional bears will at last have their opportunity, and a few demonstrations of strength on their part would quickly swing the rest of the insiders behind them. In that event, a drop as precipitate as the rise would be likely to follow. But it is also within the realm of possibility—whatever happens to the market in the short run—that the wider popular appreciation of the investment value of common stock, leading to a greatly enlarged stable demand for it, which discounts possibilities of future industrial growth, will lead to a permanently reduced yield and a new standard of what high and low market values are. In that event, the ownership of common stock will no longer offer the large possibilities of reward which it has done in the past twenty-five years, and the relative values of shares and money obligations such as bonds and mortgages will more nearly correspond with the actual possibilities of safe profit which numerous investigations have disclosed.

Uncle Sam as Don Quixote

FOR our Nicaraguan policy, which is now troubling so many people so seriously, various explanations have been offered. It has been said that we have intervened there to protect American life and property, though our actions have far outrun anything which could be explained by the use of that phrase in its ordinary meaning, the meaning which Washington has given it on other occasions and in other Latin-American countries. It has further been said that we have been protecting the lives and property of Europeans, under the Monroe Doctrine and on the theory that if we did not offer such protection these countries would take the burden upon themselves. It is true that Great Britain and Italy both asked us, about a year ago, to protect their citizens; but here again, what we are doing far outruns the legitimate scope of such an excuse. The argument has been advanced that we are safeguarding our interest in a possible Nicaraguan canal, and undoubtedly this motive is a real one. On the other hand, the Panama Canal is not yet being used even up to 50 percent of its total twenty-four-hour capacity; and no party in Nicaragua is opposed to our intentions, the Liberals having offered to sign any sort of pledge to this effect that we may desire. It was said once that we found ourselves forced to drive a wedge between Mexican Bolshevism and the Panama Canal; but this statement was so utterly without proof, and so much at variance with the known facts, that the State Department abandoned it after Assistant Secretary Robert E. Olds had made his one famous, anonymous suggestion to the press associations about it.

There is another reason for our actions in Nicaragua which is of the greatest importance; yet oddly enough, it is rarely mentioned by any of the official apologists and explainers. It is the "Hughes policy" which came into full effect in 1923, although it had been foreshadowed by various incidents prior to that time, and particularly during Mr. Wilson's incumbency. It has to do with our attitude toward *de facto* governments.

As everyone knows, the Central American republics were formerly the scene of almost incessant revolutionary activity. To persons at a distance, these may have seemed like opera bouffe, but to the people who lived through them they were serious matters, often involving grave economic loss and bloodshed. Animated by a desire to minimize such incidents as much as possible, the Central American republics, under the joint encouragement of the United States and Mexico, signed a convention in 1907 saying that they would not recognize the validity of any government which came into power through a *coup d'état* or revolution unless and until it had been confirmed by a subsequent free election. In 1913, President Wilson applied the same sort of principle in his dealings with Huerta, who had overthrown the Madero government in Mexico. Mr. Wilson's first announcement of policy, made only seven days after his inauguration, declared that the United States was strongly opposed to violent revolutions among our Latin neighbors. In pursuance of that course, he refused to have anything to do with Huerta, prevented his getting loans in America, permitted the export of arms to his rival, Carranza, and finally captured Vera Cruz, partly because some American sailors had been arrested by the Mexicans, but also because a German steamer was about to arrive with ammunition for the Huertistas.

In 1923, the Central American governments signed another treaty in Washington which went even further than that of 1907. It stipulated that, even after an election, no individual should be recognized as president, vice-president or chief of state, provided he were a leader of the revolution, or a member of the leader's family, or had held any high military or civil post during the preceding six months, or were disqualified from serving by any clause of the constitution.

While the United States was not a party to either of these conventions, we assumed a large degree of moral responsibility for each of them, and particularly for the second. That being the case, it was perhaps natural that we should have indicated to Central America that we should follow the same course, refusing to recognize any government which comes into power by any other than orderly means. This we have done for five years. In Honduras, a president remained in office after his term had expired, in defiance both of the law and, according to all available evidence, of the popular will. Another man took the field against him, and deposed

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the dictator; whereupon the United States stepped in and informed this Honduran George Washington that he would not be permitted to serve as president, since he came into power under conditions prohibited by the 1923 agreement. In Nicaragua, General Emiliano Chamorro, a Conservative, overturned the Liberal regime of President Solorzano by a *coup d'état* in which, as it happened, no blood was spilled. The United States refused to recognize him, and our diplomatic representative at Managua brought such pressure to bear on him —the character of the pressure has not been revealed—that he resigned. Thereupon we did not, however, consent to the restoration of Solorzano, or his vice-president, Sacasa, but approved the selection of another Conservative, Diaz, who had ever since 1912 been under the suspicion in Central America of being a tool of the American State Department.

The present policy of the United States represents, of course, a complete departure from our historic attitude. From the days of Washington to those of Roosevelt, we had always recognized any government anywhere in the world which gave convincing evidence that it actually controlled the country, without inquiring into the morality of its rise to power. Our new course is actuated, as usual, by mixed motives, some of which are more creditable than others. There is no doubt that the United States was eager to put an end to the suffering which the Central American revolutions caused. There is also no doubt that American business interests were hurt by some of the revolutions. If at times our capitalists have sympathized with the rebels, on the ground that the existing regime was not sufficiently friendly to them, there have been other times when the war has injured business, and successful revolutionists have levied tribute of a more burdensome character than before. On the whole, there is no doubt that business is better when political conditions are stable.

The difficulty about our present course, as Dr. R. L. Buell of the Foreign Policy Association has recently pointed out, is that it makes us morally responsible for the conduct of those governments which we have recognized. Our approval is now so important a matter that only the most desperate adventurer would try to maintain a government for any length of time without it. Revolution has therefore practically been forbidden as a means of getting rid of any administration, no matter how cruel or corrupt, and the only recourse is the ballot box. But it is a truism that in tropical American countries elections are invariably won by the party which is in power at the time when the balloting takes place. The case might be different if we were to undertake to supervise every election in every country; but this tremendous task we have thus far refused to attempt. Moreover, when we have done so, as we did in Panama, the defeated party has insisted that our participation made the election unfair, and such a result would be likely to follow in every instance. Therefore the net result of our policy is that, once a dictator gets into power with a sufficient semblance of legality, he can remain indefinitely, with our prestige and power behind him. As a by-product we have such essentially absurd spectacles as the parade of potential presidential candidates of both parties in Nicaragua a few months ago. These men came, hat in hand, to Washington and stood on Mr. Kellogg's doorstep, waiting to learn whether or not they would be permitted to run for the highest office in Nicaragua.

Probably without meaning to do so, we have drifted into a position where we are interfering in the internal affairs of these countries in a way which is damaging to us and to them. The situation is doubly embarrassing because, while we assert that our dictation is inspired by humanitarian motives and gives additional force to the convention of 1923 (which we did not sign), Latin America as a whole, and many Europeans, believe that we are merely carrying one step further what they describe as our general imperialistic policy, which is binding at least two of the Central American countries to our chariot wheel in a way to give them most of the liabilities and few of the advantages of a territorial status like that of Porto Rico. It ought to be clear by now that no one country, no matter how large, civilized, and altruistic, should exercise the sort of moral trusteeship which we have assumed. If such actions are to be undertaken at all —and it is still doubtful whether in the long run they should be—they should be performed only under international auspices of such a character that there can be no question as to their disinterestedness. The losses which we are taking because of our present attitude are by no means compensated by the highly dubious benefits to be gained. It is high time that the meaning of our policy should be subjected to careful investigation, and if the indictment against it is sustained, that it should be abandoned in favor of one more in accord with the realities of the situation.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Farewell to the Shopkeeper

THERE was a time when, if a person thought of chain-store merchandising, he was likely to think of Woolworth's and Childs', and to think of them as odd places for the indigent. Though he was not ashamed to own their highly profitable stock, if he were a person of social pretensions he would dislike to be seen entering where things could be bought so cheaply. The five and ten-cent store seemed to be full of magpie-treasures, imitation jewelry and useless catch-pennies, while the Childs restaurant, gleaming and hard as a bathtub and sanitary as a hospital (though its opposite for crashing noise), was a resort of milk-and-pancake-eaters who didn't know, or couldn't afford, anything better. Now these merchandising *parvenus* have arrived. They occupy favored corners on Fifth Avenue. Woolworth supplies countless homes with glass much like that seen but a few months before in exclusive shops—pieces that may be knocked down to the innocent in auction sales as genuine early Americana. There are hundreds of articles in common use which it would be a useless extravagance to buy elsewhere. And Childs has gone in for period decoration; the *élite* patronize it for midnight suppers; and it is credibly stated that a simple breakfast can be bought at a high-class hotel for less than it costs in the restaurant whose chief attraction used to be economy.

Nor is the service of the chain any longer confined to a few types of merchandise. A family might live, and live well, in most cities, without ever patronizing an independent store. The tobacco and drug chains, which now are among the oldest and best established, alone supply many of the popular wants—indeed, a person could obtain almost anything in a modern chain "drug" store, unless, indeed, he should require the services and stock of an expert pharmacist. Men's furnishings and clothing, women's stockings and lingerie, shoes, groceries, meat, candy, music, dry goods, bakery products, laundry work, cleaning and dyeing, gasoline and oil—one after another of the fields of retail supply are being invaded and conquered by large-scale enterprise. The time may arrive, almost before we know it, when it will be difficult to buy anything of importance without patronizing the chains.

Since the United States has never taken a Census of Distribution, we do not know many facts about this mercantile revolution which would be interesting. We can, indeed, only guess at its extent. Dr. Paul H. Nystrom of Columbia University estimates that of the total retail trade of 1926, amounting to about $40,000,000,000, chain stores did 12 percent. Against this, independent unit stores, he believes, accounted for 63.75 percent, department stores for 16.50 percent, mail-order houses for 4 percent, company stores for 2.50 percent, house-to-house canvassing for 1 percent, and consumers' co-operatives for a tiny quarter of 1 percent. More significant than their status at the time, however, was the gain of the chain stores from the date of his survey in 1923—only three years earlier. While the total retail business was increasing 10 or 12 percent, or at the rate of 3 or 4 percent a year, chain stores made a gain of 50 percent, or more than 16 percent a year. Department stores made a smaller, but decided gain, mail-order houses held their own, while independent stores suffered. It is significant that the big mail-order houses are now establishing chains of retail stores, while chains of true department stores are growing.

If we think of the increase of the chains principally in terms of Woolworth and its competitors, we distort the picture. Grocery chains made the enormous gain of 75 percent between 1923 and 1926, according to returns to the Federal Reserve Board. Next came the candy stores with 56 percent. Men's wear chains grew more than 11 percent during 1927 alone—generally regarded in the trade as a poor year—and in January, 1928, 22.7 percent of the men's wear shops were in chain organization. If the present rate of growth continues, the whole trade will be in their hands in about twelve years.

In the larger cities, the business of the chain stores bulks even greater. The Census Bureau recently undertook a trial survey of retail distribution in eight cities—Chicago, Baltimore, Providence, Kansas City, Seattle, Denver, Atlanta and Syracuse. Of a total retail business of roughly $3,500,000,000, chain stores did $1,055,000,000, or just under one-third. The trade of the independent stores (excluding the department stores) was about $1,900,000,000. That of the department stores was about $553,000,000. And some of these were members of chains.

At this rate, the transition from small-scale to large-scale distribution bids fair to be more rapid and complete than the much-discussed transition from small-scale to large-scale production. How may we account for it? And what are likely to be its results?

Certain of the causes assigned for the domination of production by large units have not involved real efficiency or superior service to the public. Some of these have also had their effect in parts of the retail field. Ability to make heavy capital investment, for instance, has enabled the modern baking companies to install machinery whose price is prohibitive to the corner bakery, and which enables great savings in cost when bread is made in large enough quantities—though the price to the con-

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sumer is little reduced, if at all. Extensive advertising has sometimes been a factor. Monopoly of sources of supply has played a part—as in the case of the tobacco-store chains, indirectly controlled by the very material ghost of the "dissolved" tobacco trust. "Unfair methods of competition" have doubtless helped—as through special sales, and "leaders" sold at ruinously low prices, in order to attract trade, at whatever temporary loss, from the independents with smaller resources.

Little, however, of the physical equipment of retailing is so expensive that almost anyone cannot obtain it—baking is a special case in which manufacture is bound unusually close to retailing. Many of the more successful chains do not advertise much, and the independent retailer is, on the whole, far more menaced in this quarter by the department store in the large city, or by the mail-order house in the country, than he is by chain-store advertising. Most sorts of goods sold by chains are still, unlike branded and advertised tobacco products, obtainable in small quantities and without conditions of any kind, by any seller. And the special cut-price sale, while it is a common device of all kinds of retail merchants, can scarcely be relied upon for securing a permanent domination of the market when a new competitor may spring up overnight at any time, where the old one has been killed.

The main advantage of the chain store lies in its ability to eliminate, in one form or another, the appalling economic waste which has characterized retail distribution by small, independent units. In the eight large cities surveyed by the Census Bureau there was still, in spite of the growth of chains and department stores, an average of one store to each 73 inhabitants. The average yearly sales of each of the independent stores (including the department stores not in chain systems) were only $36,526. If the department stores were to be excluded from the average, it would probably fall to something like $20,000. Each of these tiny units had to be staffed by persons who were either idle a large part of the time, or busy on tasks which would be greatly shortened with proper system and management, tasks which would require little more time with a much larger volume of business. Each carried on its shelves a large variety of stock, much of which was turned over slowly and some of which was scarcely turned over at all. Each was solicited by competitive salesmen and advertising matter, in the effort to sell in small lots highly varied merchandise. The merchandise had to be separately packed, wrapped and shipped. Much of it traveled a circuitous route from manufacturer through jobber or wholesaler, each stage of the travel involving the cost of handling and the profit margin of the handler. Is it any wonder that the immense savings of mass production and of science in the factory have found so little reflection in the prices of the goods we have to buy in retail shops?

The chain, securing desirable corners or other locations shrewdly chosen, adopting uniform and striking store fronts or signs which make iterated impression, using the latest arts of display and enticing arrangements of stock, manages by these means alone to attract more customers to each of its stores than do most of its competitors. Other arts of selling are assiduously studied and practised. Uniform management, analyzing experience on a large scale, contrives more efficient practices in keeping inventory and other accounts. Little-used varieties of goods are eliminated, and stock is standardized to those lines that are really required by consumers in large enough volume to show a profit. In most cases, credit is eliminated, and the economics of a strictly cash business are realized.

But the most important savings arise from the chain's relations with production. It becomes an active buyer, not a passive vendee. Buying standardized articles in large lots, it eliminates the cost of middle selling and handling, by dealing directly with the producer. If the chain is wholly independent of the producer, it also exercises its great bargaining power to obtain the most favorable prices possible. And more favorable prices are possible, because the costs of the seller are reduced by large-scale production of a limited number of standardized articles. Often, indeed, the chain buys articles below real cost of production by snapping up lots of remainders, or goods made in plants of excess capacity, which it costs the manufacturer a smaller loss to keep going than to shut down. Some chains, selling a regularized product, have been established by manufacturers themselves as a means of assured outlet. Others, seeking the cheapest possible supply, have gone into manufacture. Those independent stores which have met the large-scale competition most successfully have imitated this shortening of the route of trade and this rationalization of supply by coöperative purchasing from manufacturers. Thus the development of mass distribution intensifies the tendency to standardized mass production, and eliminates competitive waste in selling. In the end, it may appreciably cut down the national advertising by competing producers which is calculated to support, or to bulldoze, independent retailers.

How far are these savings shared with the consumers? There is little evidence yet, on this point. Doubtless a large part of the appeal of the chains to the public consists in the offering of lower prices. Investigators in a recent cost-of-living survey for a trade union were embarrassed to find that, in the region chosen, most of the independent shops which had been visited in a similar study some years before had been supplanted by chain stores, many of whose quotations appeared to be substantially lower than those previously obtained. But this observation was complicated by the fact that so many changes had occurred in types of articles for sale (particularly in women's clothing) and in brands, containers and measures (particularly in food prod-

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ucts) that accurate comparison was next to impossible. We may safely say that, although some price reduction has resulted, the major part of the chain stores' winnings out of conquering the morass of distributive waste has thus far gone into profits and expansion. The practice seems to be to sell just low enough to attract trade from the independent fairly steadily, but no lower. This leaves a wide margin of profit. Last year the net profits of the four leading chains whose shares are on the New York Stock Exchange increased 19.4 percent over the year before, while their sales increased only 9.9 percent. Most of them have steadily enlarged their profit ratios, while their rapid expansion has been financed either out of their own accumulated savings, or, indeed, to a large extent out of current earnings. Woolworth's, last year, made a net profit of almost 13 cents on each dollar of sales, after incurring the expenses of establishing 101 new stores. Few $20,000 retail units did as well.

Independent retailers often attack the chain stores as "monopolies." A few of them—notably the tobacco stores, the drug stores, and the same interests which now control the big candy companies and some of the restaurants, may perhaps deserve the title. But, on the whole, the chains as yet do not dominate their respective fields. And as they advance toward doing so they will collide with each other. In most branches of retailing there are anywhere from two to a hundred chains which are at least potential competitors. When these giants grapple, the consumer ought really to benefit in price. Then the high costs of the small and wasteful retailer will no longer act as a cushion for chain profits. And the energies of the chains in cutting their costs will redouble.

The end of such a process will probably be, as it has been in other kinds of business, either amalgamation or tacit agreement among the competing chains. Then we shall indeed have a problem of monopoly to consider, especially in view of the fact that many of the chains will control vertical combinations of producers as well.

The objections of the small and losing retailers to this great tide seem puny indeed. Their exhortations to patronize the "naborhood" store, and to keep money in the local community, will be swept aside as they are either eliminated or absorbed into the mechanism. Indeed, the local community will probably benefit, in real income, to an extent greater than the drain of profit out of it which will set in. But the psychic objections may prove more obstinate. Another great class of independent persons engaged in private adventure will have become dependent employees, routinized and with no opportunity to advance except by appointment from the higher-ups. We shall have a socialized machinery, as we now have in many forms of production, without social control. And the consumer may need protection, both as to price and quality. How to find variety, a means of expression for the personality, even defense against positive exploitation and degradation, may become here, as it already is in industry, a knotty problem. Already the minor employees of the great chains are often shabbily treated. It becomes more and more necessary to devise means of social growth to cope with "rationalization."

GEORGE SOULE.

Cleveland

Paternalism in Excelsis

A TRAVELER going west over the Pennsylvania Railroad approaches Cleveland by way of Pittsburgh. This is fitting, for Cleveland comes after Pittsburgh in the procession of evolution, just as the collie comes after the wolf, the financier after the pirate, and the charitable trust after the princely rascal scattering largess. And one might add, just as a certain complacence and security come after adventure and picturesqueness and danger and beauty and doom. Pittsburgh, arrogant, tyrannical, bitter, now hidden in creeping sooty mists, now flaming like the wrath of God, is a city of the past, even though of the past that is only yesterday. As she changes, she will grow more like Cleveland, which is a city of the future. This is a matter for solemn reflection, and perhaps for prayer.

Whether the palpable difference between Cleveland and Pittsburgh is due to climate, landscape, race, or to the historical influence of such mutually irreconcilable characters as Tom Johnson, Mark Hanna, the Mellon family and the Van Sweringen boys, is a question not to be settled here. The heredity of cities is even more mysterious than that of mice and men. We do not know under what unseen lash their chromosomes divide, cavort and stand in line, nor how their behavior is conditioned as they grow. But it is undeniable, whatever the reason may be, that Cleveland has achieved something not attained in anything like equal measure by any other American city. It has combined unmitigated materialism with a degree of something resembling civilization. I say this without wishing to betray any prejudice either for or against civilization.

A partial explanation may be found, I think, in the manner of the city's settlement. Cleveland, as every schoolboy has known and forgotten, occupies

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what was, at one time, a part of the Western Reserve of Connecticut. It was staked out, some hundred and thirty-two years ago, by godly men with an eye on the main chance, by unfanatical Puritans who may have been capable of selling a wooden nutmeg or two when opportunity offered. They did not go forth into the wilderness as the Pilgrims had done, for freedom to worship God, but there is no doubt they did worship Him earnestly, at least up to the point where piety interfered with business. Thus the character of the early Clevelanders, which in a sense is still embedded in the character of the city, had a nicely balanced duality. Its development, too, showed balance and restraint. Its location had been so fortunately chosen, either by the wisdom of Moses Cleaveland or, more probably, by favorable accident, that from the very first there was no question of its ultimate prosperity. It was destined, from the very nature of its geography, to become the second or third port on the lakes, it benefited by the side currents of Mississippi river traffic and was ready for the railroads when they came, and it turned out to be an ideal spot for the wedding of coal and iron.

But its rate of growth was never vulgarly fast. It did not spring roaring, grasping, slobbering from quiescence to greedy triumph overnight. It was no boom town, drunk with its own good luck and taking the wealth that poured in as evidence of the blessing of destiny on whatever it chose to undertake. It grew chastely, and minded its morals and its manners. It made and preserved traditions of commercial integrity and decency—taking those phrases, it should be unnecessary to add, in their comparative rather than their absolute sense. Its business men were never as successful as those of Pittsburgh in evading a sense of civic responsibility. Mark Hanna and some of his contemporaries had kindliness and foresight; they were despots, or tried to be, but they were relatively enlightened. They always had a respect for education, as they understood it, and often a tolerance for the arts. As far back as 1893, they realized that the people of Cleveland needed parks, and set to work with a fine flourish to supply the defect. The habit of giving back to the public a part of what had been taken away early became respectable among Cleveland's rich men. The Connecticut conscience, finding itself in funds, put its pennies, and more than pennies, every Sunday in the contribution plate.

This spirit in modern Cleveland may be found admirably illustrated in the activities and doctrines of the Cleveland Trust Company, which gave a new fillip to professional benevolence some thirteen years ago by organizing a fund "to promote the civic, moral and mental welfare of the people of Cleveland." Obviously, a trust company, which earns its modest living by looking after other people's funds, does not lose by such an enterprise. But obviously, too, from every businesslike and practical point of view, the idea was an admirable one. It systematized public spirit. It took the wastes of competition and individualism out of the uplift industry. The words I have quoted foreshadowed the history of the people of Cleveland, from the day they were written. The city's civic, moral and mental welfare has been looked after with an almost appalling thoroughness and efficiency. There remain some poverty, some ignorance, some Philistinism and possibly a little sin, but this, one feels, is due rather to the innate stubbornness of human nature than to any defect or relenting in the crusade against them. The accomplishment has been spectacular and it has been brought about without any drastic change in society's fabric. If there is such a thing as a capitalistic system, it has been strengthened and bolstered up by the application of the Cleveland Idea.

> The Cleveland Foundation [says a paragraph from one of the institution's booklets] gives a new significance to the ownership of wealth. Instead of diverting ownership it perpetuates it, and at the same time guarantees proper custody, proper management and proper use of income. It makes the accumulation of wealth respectable by insuring the usefulness of wealth. It makes it honorable for a man to build up a fortune in the community, because it provides the means for the return of that fortune as a whole, or in part, for the permanent service of the community. It eliminates the stigma of selfishness that too often goes with the accumulation of money by providing the means of bestowing some or all of it for the ultimate good of the community.

I have quoted this passage because it contains the best, and, if one likes, the worst, that can be said about Cleveland. Nothing could be more explicit. The rich Clevelander need not go away sorrowful, for no one in Cleveland will tell him to sell all his possessions and give the money to the poor. He has that peace of soul that is sometimes denied to rich men in other cities. He may both have his cake and eat it. He is armed against "Bolshevism's" slings and arrows. If he takes profits that are a little large, is he not acting as agent for "the ultimate good of the community"? I do not say this with undue irony. He really is, assuming that schools, associated charities, hospitals, parks, museums, art galleries and little theaters are in fact for "the ultimate good of the community"—and assuming, too, that it is good for any community to be nursed and coddled. The Cleveland business man sees his personal influence going on and on down the ages under the wise guidance of "an impartial, non-sectarian, non-political committee, serving without compensation." In Florida, rich men avoid death duties. But in Cleveland they do not die at all. Even the man of moderate means may drop a few thousand dollars into the Foundation's hopper and expect that they will be doing respectable, useful—and eminently safe—things long after his bones are dust.

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The results are not to be despised, unless by barbarians, iconoclasts, Jeffersonian democrats, and possibly poets. Out of the thunderous smoke of the valley of the Cuyahoga, out of flames and fumes, out of sweat and sorrow, Cleveland has begun to build a twentieth-century fairyland, albeit a substantial one, in which poor Bottom, as well as Queen Titania, has his allotted dwelling place. It is a dwelling place with a bathroom, a bit of sun and even, if he listens to what the children learn in their art classes at school, some elementals of good taste. But he also has a share in the community dwelling places, in a great art museum lovelier than the palace of almost any king; in a vast civic auditorium where one may hear Bach fugues on the organ, attend a Shriners' convention or hear a President nominated; in a library in which the patrons are actually treated as citizens and equals rather than as convicts; in broad streets, in a lofty new railway station, fruit of the labors of the brothers Van Sweringen, in the Mall, which will presently become a wide pleasure ground running grandly to the lake, in a lovely series of parks. The public buildings and spaces of Cleveland are imposing. They satisfy the eye. They create a sense of citizenship comparable, however remotely (and this comparison must not be taken as an endorsement of the city's civic architecture) with that which the Athenians must have derived from the edifices upon the Acropolis.

But Cleveland does not stop with sticks and stones. It looks after its poor in the world's goods and its poor in spirit, with a fatherly, not to say an inquisitorial solicitude. By Cleveland, in this connection and in most other connections that get into the newspapers and have speeches made about them, one means Nordic Cleveland—the leaders of the approximately 30 percent of the population who are native-born whites of native parentage. The city has, or had at the time of the last census, twenty-nine nationalities having each 1 percent or more of the total population. As far back as 1911, it was trying to "Americanize" them—a process which, at that moment, did not mean compelling them to accept the Allied version of the causes and incidents of the World War. But the War gave impetus to the movement, as it did to several others of a similar exalted nature. The Slovaks, Jugoslavs, Magyars, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians and similar groups were very carefully "surveyed." In fact, for some years after its formation, the Cleveland Foundation surveyed with might and main. It surveyed until it was fairly blue in the face—racial conditions, health, crime, schools. It diagnosed the city's needs and then published its reports and suggestions, well bound, carefully gotten-up. Never had a community been compelled to contemplate, with such scientific and unoriental intensity, its own navel. To gaze at any modern city in this fashion is to want to do something about it, and the men behind the Foundation movement had very definite ideas as to what should be done and who should do it. The War had developed the machinery of what some people call coercion and others, coöperation.

Cleveland called it the latter. Pittsburgh might gang its ain gait, like the dour Presbyterian city it was, but Cleveland would coöperate even if it had to be genteelly clubbed into doing it, Cleveland would be neighborly, Cleveland would give till it hurt. The agencies of publicity which had been devoted to developing national patriotism were directed toward stirring up community patriotism, and with much the same system of pains, penalties and rewards. The Community Fund was established. Other cities adopted community funds after the War, but it was Cleveland's own child. The city has a population of, at most, one million. In a single year nearly half the inhabitants, man, woman and child—458,000, to be exact—contributed to the Community Chest. When the annual drive is on, nothing else is allowed to interfere. One does not know what would happen to the citizen who could be proved to have ten dollars and refused to contribute them. One hardly believes there could be such a case. To flout the Community Chest in Cleveland would be like refusing to stand at attention at West Point while the national anthem is being played. It simply isn't done.

The result is what might mildly be described as a centralization of charitable and uplifting activities. A free-lance uplifter gets nowhere, no matter how passionate his love for the human race. One such individual, returning from a vain pilgrimage to Cleveland, paused long enough to observe: "You can't do anything in that town without getting permission from a crowd of old grandmothers who run things." He was substantially right, though his epithet was perhaps unkind. But Cleveland's civic grandmothers, in all matters that can be measured statistically, have done a fairly good job. For years the city has stood high in welfare and corrective work. Its schools are exceptionally good, its housing conditions better than in most industrial cities, its city planning well advanced, its cultural and recreational activities far above the average. Traffic conditions are bad—in fact, Cleveland might not consider itself a successful city if they were not—but this is partly because broad boulevards and spacious suburbs irresistibly invite motor travel. In recent years, Cleveland, even more than most American cities, has begun to sprawl countryward. The Van Sweringens, in moments of leisure between their more far-reaching occupations, have built one of the loveliest and perhaps one of the most sensible suburban subdivisions in America. Persons of importance used to live on Euclid Avenue and its neighboring blocks. Now Euclid, beyond the business section, is a sorry spectacle of transition, with stately, lawn-surrounded homes sometimes put to incongruous uses; and society is motorized and scattered. The city has

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thrust far eastward, and the opening of new routes across the Cuyahoga will send it rapidly westward. Already the peaceful and pious inhabitants of Oberlin, dreaming around their almost venerable campus, are contemplating with vague alarm the advance of the Cleveland commuter. Here, as elsewhere, it will soon be impossible to take the city itself as a social unit; it is regional Cleveland, not merely urban Cleveland, that must be considered. The dominating figures of the city are as likely as not to live outside its political limits.

Since 1923, Cleveland has been operating under a city manager, one William R. Hopkins, brother of Arthur Hopkins, the play producer. Mr. Hopkins has actually reduced taxes—they were at the rate of $6.58 in 1920, and only $5.47 in 1926. He has squeezed out quantities of waste and graft, brought sadness into the lives of the professional office-holders, and been very jolly besides. In this he differs from most of the other admirable men and women who have made Cleveland what it is. They have tended to be serious. But they are determined to coöperate, even if it chokes them. The city government coöperates with the private foundation; the art museum with the art school, the Playhouse and the public library; and the newspapers coöperate with everything in sight, provided it is not subversive or injurious to business. The good Clevelander, before turning out his light to get into bed, asks himself: "Have I coöperated today or have I failed?"

This ballyhooing for coöperation has its tyrannies and its Freudian suppressions, as should by this time be apparent, but I do not mean to make light of it. It comes legitimately, as I have suggested, out of Cleveland's history. The city had to coöperate or fall into chaos. And if there is in it much of Mark Hanna's overmastering personality, there is present, too, something of Tom Johnson's humane enthusiasms. There is an inscription on Johnson's monument in the Public Square which one should read before he judges Cleveland too harshly:

> Beyond his party and beyond his class
> This man forsook the few to serve the mass.
> He found us groping leaderless and blind,
> He left a city with a civic mind.
> He found us striving each his selfish part,
> He left a city with a civic heart,
> And ever with his eye set on the goal
> The vision of a city with a soul.

There has been better poetry, even on monuments, but there is a good deal of Tom Johnson and a good deal of Cleveland in it. Mark Hanna, naturally, approached the Cleveland problem from another angle. He would have reasoned that the first duty of a city was to be, to exist. He and men of a similar bent, before and since, saw to it that Cleveland did exist, and waxed economically great. Or, if one does not put faith in the great-man theory of history, they intercepted their share and the city's share of an inevitable traffic. This traffic arose out of the fortunate conjunction of water, coal and iron. It was this material trinity that accounted for the rise in population from 25 in 1800 to 43,417 in 1860; from less than 100,000 in the early seventies to a million in the late nineteen-twenties. Cleveland did not pass Cincinnati until 1900. It has trebled its population, soundly and decorously, since 1900. Upon a basic structure of steel it has diversified its industries. You may go there seeking paint, pants or pins, and the Cleveland manufacturer will be happy to oblige. This fortunate status was not achieved entirely by idealistic, or even paternalistic means. Cleveland has had, still has, its hard-boiled aspects. Yet the two strains curiously blend, as to some extent they did in the genial Hanna himself. "You'll like Cleveland," the Chamber of Commerce assures you, "the City of Cordial Service." There are Politeness Weeks, to teach Clevelanders to be gentler to strangers. There are commercial-industrial fiestas, at which the methods of the Rev. William Sunday are brought to bear to convince the city of its own greatness. Business interests work feverishly for such ambitious and costly projects as that of straightening the Cuyahoga, so that more factory land may be brought within reach of deep-water vessels. Yet they try very hard to be concerned about the city's soul, despite the fact that Tom Johnson is no hero among them.

Having got thus far, I begin to have the suspicion that the picture I have made is totally misleading. What we have been looking at, what everyone looks at who merely visits Cleveland, is a surface—a smooth surface, a Nordic surface. Underneath the Nordic veneer, there is, certainly, a non-Nordic restlessness and discontent. Cleveland is heavily unionized, but, in their less ethereal moments, the members of the Chamber of Commerce look longingly across the lake toward non-union Detroit. In 1924, it may be recalled, the voters of Cleveland rejected the stainless Calvin in favor of the hell-roaring La Follette. This, clearly, was not the work of the Cleveland Foundation or of the Community Chest. It was, from the Republican point of view, something less than coöperative. Did it bespeak a proletarian dissatisfaction with the art galleries, libraries, parks, schools, little theaters and scientific charity? Was it a revolt against the whole theory of municipal grandmothering? I would not contend that it was anything so explicit and articulate. Yet there are details about Cleveland life that do not fit in with the practices, doctrines and conceptions of the Foundation. There is an undercurrent of individualism. One is fairly free to violate the Eighteenth Amendment and several of the Commandments, without undue interference from the police or from public sentiment. Clevelanders pouring out *en masse* into the parks, to popular concerts, into the museum—and they really do visit the art museum in swarms—boarding the lake ex-

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cursion boats, are not so subdued and emotionless a people as one somehow expects after merely reading about them.

They possess, I believe, the possibilities of rebellion. I do not mean a rebellion that will tear the Cleveland Trust Company's dignified building stone from stone and dampen the streets with the gore of well intentioned but tactless philanthropists. But I do suspect that in Cleveland, as elsewhere, there is an ineradicable tendency in a certain percentage of the population to go to hell or heaven in its own way, which is not always the Nordic, scientific or grandmotherly way. And it is upon this rock, this wild, passionate, poetic rock, blown at by the four winds and washed by all the waves of the seven seas, that the Cleveland uplifters must take care not to founder. For man does not live by bread alone, nor by parks, nor by model tenements, nor by low tax rates, nor even by art galleries: he lives, if at all, by adventure. And of adventure Cleveland, unlike poor, reeking, quarrelling Pittsburgh, is in danger of having too little.

R. L. DUFFUS.

Washington Notes

HOLDING, as I do, that the present excitement in both parties over corruption is all futile, that the campaign will not turn on the Hays-Sinclair business at all, that by November the facts will be completely blurred in the so-called public mind and stale on the political tongue, I must admit that for me the chief interest of these "revelations," as the Times correspondents love to call them, is in their influence on the Republican nomination.

It is conceded by the judicious that the only Republican who has been definitely helped at all is Hoover. The main reason the efficient Herbert's chances have been promoted is because the disclosures more or less directly reduce the availability of the only other men in the party who can be regarded as probable nominees if he is not—to wit, Coolidge, Hughes and Dawes. It will be conceded by readers of this column that I have at no time taken any stock at all in either the talk of drafting Coolidge or Hughes, or in the idea of Dawes as a dark horse. It is none the less true that far greater men than I—the intellectually massive Mr. Hilles and his high-minded colleague and confederate, Mr. Morris, for instance—have taken them seriously, or pretend to, despite certain basic facts that should be clear to any unclouded mind.

Anyone, I should think, should now be willing to concede that the developments of the past few weeks have rendered the chances of Coolidge, Hughes and Dawes more remote than before. As I see it, there is but one way for the issue of corruption to be kept alive through the campaign, and that would be through the nomination of one of these three men—Coolidge, whom Sinclair money undoubtedly helped to elect as Vice-President in 1920 and as President in 1924; Hughes, who is now general counsel of the American Petroleum Institute, on the board of which Harry F. Sinclair, Robert Stewart and Edward L. Doheny still sit; Dawes, part of whose fortune came out of oil, whose brother, Beeman, is head of the Pure Oil Company (in the stock of which the "good fellows" of the Harding circle blithely speculated) and was present when the Continental Trading Company was formed.

I have no desire to impute to any of the three anything more sinister than shock-proof insensibility in the face of party corruption. The facts above cited, however, do seem to make the absurdity of talk about nominating Dawes only slightly less than the talk of "drafting" Coolidge or Hughes. There was nothing to any of these "movements" before, save the face-saving political motions of a few baffled, bad-guessing patronage distributors, anxious to retain their power. There is now definitely less. "Drafting" Coolidge is now absurd, with his revealed oil obligations and his extraordinary and significant record of silence on the subject of corruption, both before the ugly facts were pried out of the reluctant Hays, when he could have spoken effectively as the moral leader of his party, and now, when it is much too late to be shocked. As things are today, if Mr. Coolidge had never said he would not be a candidate, if he could get a unanimous renomination—which never was possible—if he had no list of aggrieved candidates, headed by Herbert, to kick in the face by taking it, if all these impossible conditions were met, and Mr. Coolidge had to face the sort of fight that could and would be made on him now, you couldn't draft him with a grappling iron. That neat little person has no taste for rough-and-tumble stuff. He knows when he is well off.

But let's to lighter things—for example, the candidacy of Representative Hamilton Fish for the vice-presidential nomination on the Hoover ticket. That is the lightest thing I can think of at the moment. Mr. Fish, I am told, is most serious about his candidacy. His friends say he has an absolutely logical and complete argument, not only showing his high availability for the nomination but demonstrating the remarkable strength he will bring to the ticket. It runs something like this: he was a soldier during the World War—therefore he will get the soldier vote. A couple of years ago he introduced a bill to restore confiscated property taken from Germans during the War—therefore he will get the German vote. Once he made a speech speaking highly of the Jews—therefore he will get the Hebrew vote. He also has shown himself favorable to immigration—consequently he will get the foreign-born vote. In addition, he was once called by an admiring friend at a Republican state convention "the Al Smith of the Republican party," which, it is argued, will not do him any harm with the Catholics, though it very greatly incensed certain beetle-browed Republican leaders, who insisted that that was about as silly a way for a man to recommend himself to a Republican convention in New York as the human mind could invent. However, Mr. Fish's friends contend that the reasoning as to his strength is perfectly flawless—and so it is, on paper. They do not claim that Mr. Hoover is committed to Mr. Fish. It is only claimed that Mr. Hoover could go farther and do worse, which is, a good many think, exactly what he will do.

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Speaking of the valiant Fish makes me think of two other noble young ex-soldiers whose self-conscious looks when the vice-presidential nomination on the Hoover ticket is mentioned are among the most painful things I have witnessed in a long while. One is Colonel, the Honorable William Donovan, who, as Assistant to the Attorney General, has for four years been a model of self-abnegation, industry, sobriety and humility. Only those who examine him closely—or rather, cross-examine him—ever learn of his erudition, his unselfishness, his services and the weight of the burden he has to bear. Friends of the Colonel who know him well look upon him as the one best bet for Herbert's running mate. As to the soldier vote, they say that where one soldier would vote for Fish, a couple of million would rally to Wild Bill. As for the Catholic vote, what, they ask, do you think Bill is? It is true that when the subject is openly mentioned to the Colonel he deprecates the idea, pushes it away, begs that it be not mentioned, points out that all he wants to do is to get back to Buffalo and practise law. There are two reasons why these motions of the Colonel do not carry conviction. One is, of course, the absurdity of anyone's wanting to go back to Buffalo for that or any other purpose. The other is the soft huskiness that seizes the Donovan vocal chords as he discourses on the subject, the appealing look that comes into his honest Irish eyes as he pleads.

The third soldier-candidate is easy to guess. It could, of course, be none other than young Colonel Roosevelt, who will certainly not relinquish the soldier vote to all the Donovans and Fishes there are. Why should he? Wasn't he a soldier too? I am credibly informed that Colonel Roosevelt would consider the idea of running for the vice-presidency. I am further credibly informed that he would accept the nomination for the Senate, and I am further credibly informed that, if urged, he would run again for governor. Further, I am credibly informed that if one or the other of these nominations is not pushed on him, Colonel Roosevelt will want to know the reason why, and, if he finds out, will deal firmly—not to say harshly—with the miscreants responsible. As to why Colonel Roosevelt should be nominated for one or the other of these high positions, plenty of reasons will occur to the thoughtful. It is only necessary, however, to mention one. Was he not the heroic young man who, last summer at Syracuse, all by himself, launched upon the redoubtable Al Smith a terrific attack that put him completely out of business? Of course he was. At that time Smith had fully 300 delegates in sight for his nomination. Today he has but a beggarly 500, all due to the devastation wrought on his prospects by young T. R.

Before closing the services this evening I cannot forbear mentioning how deeply touched I was by an article I have just read from the pen of the pious Mr. Pepper of Pennsylvania, who, it will be recalled, led the forces of righteousness so bravely and unsuccessfully in the spring of 1926 against the vicious and wicked Vare, unsavory boss of an evil machine. In this article, Mr. Pepper expresses his great pleasure at the prospect that Mrs. Ruth McCormick, daughter of Mark Hanna, will be nominated and elected to Congress from Illinois. He pays tribute to Mrs. McCormick, who, I am told on the best authority, is totally and fortunately devoid of all the prominent Pepper characteristics, and then proceeds to dilate upon the vital need for men and women of strong convictions and unwavering principles in politics and public life. One gathers from the article that he felt that, bad as it was for the country when he had to retire from the Senate, there will be a partial reparation when Mrs. McCormick enters the House. I was impressed by this Pepper view. For a minute, of course, it baffled me to reconcile these noble sentiments with the fact that Mr. Pepper has been put by Mr. Vare on his slate as a delegate to the national convention, and that Mrs. McCormick has made an alliance with the Small-Lorimer-Thompson machine in Illinois, than which there is none worse and few as bad. I was, as I say, baffled for a moment; but in a little while I saw clearly that there is no inconsistency. Mr. Pepper, by going on the Vare slate, is not dragged down to Vare's level. On the contrary, he lifts the machine up closer to the high plane upon which he has his being. It probably works the same way, I suppose, with Mrs. McCormick in Chicago—though that does seem an awful load for a lady to lift.

T. R. B.

Washington.

English Actors

AS EVERYBODY who reads the papers and is interested in this subject knows, there were made not long ago certain British labor decisions with regard to American actors in London, and this afforded the Actors' Equity Association in this country a pretext on which to conclude an issue long under its eye: the conditions regulating British actors in our theaters. The great number of English actors on Broadway, the supply of them waiting to be engaged, and the number of American actors out of work, is an old story by now. Equity has attempted to deal with it fairly and sanely. The extensive rulings and restrictions have been fully published in the daily press and do not concern us here. But we may consider this case of English acting.

In the first place, what must strike everyone with regard to this state of affairs is the general idea on Broadway that if you want someone to take the role of a gentleman in a play you must get an English actor. The first thing to say on this point, perhaps, is that in the Broadway conception a gentleman is something removed, just a bit different from most, a trifle fancy even; and that under such a conception almost anything that is more or less touched up, unfamiliar, will have an advantage. The Englishman is that. It is true, also, that Englishmen wear their clothes better than American men, are more interested in clothes, have somewhat better tailors, or a tailoring, at any rate, that we associate with breeding or smartness or easy-going aristocratic assurance. This choice air and well dressed confidence is doubtless heightened by the fact that Englishmen have enjoyed in their own country—a man's country, as the world knows—a certain special indulgence and lordly privilege. You could say also that English male vanity is much greater than the American's,

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it has plumage, masculine first rights, prestige, where we have only our naïve pride and an outside that is resigned to being eclipsed by the ladies. This vanity of the Englishman does not diminish his stage poise and pleasure in himself; it is a real asset, in society roles invaluable.

It seems true, also, that in England, as compared with America, a better class of men, so far as social opportunities and education go, adopt the stage as a profession. Or certainly, at the very least, you could say that, humble or cultured, these young Englishmen going on the stage and wishing to act gentlemanly roles have in their social scheme the advantage of a more distinctly outlined gentleman class which may be studied and imitated. Many of us in America think we know what a gentleman is, but to point out a whole gentlemanly stratum in our society, a distinct class, for purposes of study, is another matter. With us there are, perhaps, more and more college men going into acting, but these in the main try to follow not so much good manners and social bearing as the liveliness of the professionals they have looked to as popular models, and the joys of our lively current tastes. On the whole, Broadway's instinct is right; for gentlemanly roles, at present English actors are more likely to be right.

We come next to the matter of speech, the English spoken. Almost any speech that differs from the Times Square language or the nasal and shut-mouthed diction often heard in America, will sound like better English, though it by no means need be so. Practically all English players speak with a more distinct enunciation and a better physical attack than Americans on the same level. But much harm and confusion has derived from a lack of discrimination and ear in this business. Actors like Miss Haidee Wright and Forbes Robertson speak beautiful traditional stage English. But it is no better than Mr. Sothern's English. You could say, however, that there may be more actors in London—though always fewer and fewer, I fancy—who speak thus well than there are on our stage. On the other hand, the average younger English actor nowadays, though his sounds may be less ugly, speaks as poorly as our own. He chokes, mutes his tone, paralyzes the throat muscles, and worst of all, falsifies his vowels and mannerizes his enunciation abominably. And though he has more of the traditional stage tone, speaking thus, he has also more of the traditional actor-ass in his effect. Very few of the younger English actors speak purely, only a very few like Mr. Leslie Howard, Mr. Ralph Forbes, Mr. Philip Merivale. As to any uniformity—there are people to whom all these London actors sound alike!—you have only to listen at a performance of, shall we say "Interference," to take one example, to hear as many kinds of speech as there are actors; you hear everything from pure English to Oxford, London brogue, sporting set, cockney, and a muddle of them all. The doctor in "Interference" speaks with distinction, the tall young man lover with his *maht, baht* where *mut, but* is meant, his exaggerated h's and r's, his closed l's, his tight throat and vocal self-consciousness, differs only from such American stage speech as Mr. Glenn Hunter's by being consistently one kind of bad instead of every kind. You can only say that the English stage speech and voice tends to be better than the American, and hasten to add that both, under the present casual methods of realism, type casting and technical disruption, are in a sad way.

In ensemble excellence the English actors are better at social comedy than Americans are; in tragedy they are no better, if as good, for the Jewish element in our theater affords more of a certain natural warmth and response. In rough-and-tumble, popular plays, lively melodramas, and the combinations of vaudeville, the American ensemble has a quicker pulse of life.

As for the actresses, I have not seen for a long time on the Broadway stage any British actress with a talent equal to that of Miss Doris Keane, Miss Laurette Taylor or Miss Pauline Lord, or the pure theatrical quality of Miss Katherine Cornell. When we come to the lesser types, young ladies whose personalities, plus a modicum of talent and skill, make them acceptable in the theater, it is a matter of choice—*de gustibus*. For those who like the mettle of our free and off-hand American girl, the American player will be more pleasing; for such as find the love-knot, arch, winsome miss more lovely for their dreams, the English will be better. In neither of these cases, American or English, are we talking of acting, but rather of young ladies.

In character playing, American actresses seem to me quite as good as the English. English male character acting is far more adept than ours, most notably in cases where the character type is traditional—Mr. O. P. Heggie, for example; he is a boring actor, but his acquired skill is thereby all the more evident.

In poetic roles the English are better; England is a more poetic country than ours still, for all the post-war changes that we hear about in the British Isles. It may be that we are in the direction of some new poetic quality of our own; at present the nearest we come to genuine stage poetry is not in our high-minded efforts but in the rough-and-tumble, or the vaudevillistic—such players as Mr. Joe Weber, for an instance, though he is old now, or Mack and Moran, or the colored Jimmy Huggins.

The schools and movements of naturalism, the *théâtres libres* and so on, with their realistic intentions and avoidance of technical forms, have changed the nature of acting in the last two or three generations; for the actor must of necessity follow the drama that he works in. The result has been a certain gain, perhaps, in emotional directness and precision, but a loss in tangible craft, technical security, versatility, and in the basic discipline and cultivation that furthers the actor as a theatrical medium, I mean elements such as voice, diction, movement, manners. The realistic actors, moreover, tend to take short cuts; the same amount of content may be there but less is expressed, and they are satisfied to render only the immediate and necessary effect. With an eye on the departed formal epoch, we might say that the general run of English acting is superior to the American. But looking toward our American future, with its fresh forms and its new and still but half-seen styles, it is obvious that the native actor is the better and the necessary medium. The next step is to make a better actor out of him, within the whole range and throughout the wide scope of styles and qualities. But always in his own kind. Meantime, for the present, there remain roles for which the English actor is indispensable.

STARK YOUNG.

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Lachaise: Sculptor of Repose

THE work of Lachaise is noble without being humanitarian. The nobility of his sculpture has puzzled the admirers of pretty statuary, and the impersonality, the absence of humanitarian interest and of story interest, have prevented him from becoming a cult for the intelligentsia. His success may have been delayed by his qualities; but he is an artist who cannot be swerved from his path by enthusiasm or by indifference.

In the catalogue of the recent show at the Brummer Gallery, Mr. Henry McBride recalled the earliest exhibitions of Gaston Lachaise, at which there stood in plaster the heroic figure of a woman. In the show which closed last week, that figure appears in glowing bronze, and at the opposite end of the gallery there was another figure, larger still, more specifically formalized, and in plaster. Lachaise is not yet so showered with money that he can instantly cast his creations into permanent form; but looking from one figure to the other, one was sure that a few years from now the new work will be in bronze and that there will again be a plaster cast at the other end of the gallery. There is nothing unfinished, nothing mysterious and longing for the infinite in any single work of Lachaise; but his work as a whole is not done; he continues, he exceeds himself, he develops. But he does not change; fundamentally the two figures, separated by a dozen years, are kin. No popular appeal, and no esthetic doctrine, has seduced Lachaise from his work.

To a great extent that work is the creation in sculpture of the forms of the human body. The latest exhibition was limited to heads, torsos, and full figures; there were no dolphins and peacocks, no bas-reliefs, no figures like his proposed symbolical creation for the Telephone Building. The grace and loveliness of Lachaise's animals are captivating; they have an immediate charm and a certain wit which is less directly apprehended in his major work. For that reason their absence from the show is regrettable, but they might have broken into the passionate unity of the exhibit. They make one think of peacocks and dolphins, whereas the twenty-eight pieces shown made one think only of sculpture. The humanitarian interest (the beholder's interest more, perhaps, than the sculptor's) of "Le Penseur" or of "The Burghers of Calais" or of Bourdelle's gigantic war figure is totally absent.

There is a bronze piece about a foot high of an acrobat, a woman caught in the dramatic moment of the cartwheel, the whole figure pushing down on one hand, the head thrown back, the legs straight up—the moment when it is still uncertain whether the movement will be completed in the intended direction, or fall back. The entire body is under strain which centers in the pull of the cords in the neck. But the strain is miraculously eased by the flight of the eye to the free hand, held aloft to balance the body, and the whole work has—as a piece of sculpture—an extraordinary quiet. Turn to the back and you see a body controlled in perfect poise; the strain of the subject does not become a strain for the beholder, because it has been completely used in creating the sculpture itself. In that sense, it is possible to say of Lachaise's work what Spengler says of all Attic sculpture: "It is quite unconscious of the spectator." To me this work is profoundly effective because it seems to exist without consciousness of its effect.

The exceptional repose of all his sculpture, regardless of the attitude of the figure he has chosen, distinguishes Lachaise because it is so simply a repose of power, is so affirmative and alive. The busts and statuettes which fill corners in drawing-rooms have quiet, too, but it is the peace of death, and Lachaise's figures have the peace of life. The vast thighs and enormous breasts of his nude women, which have become the staple of artistic small-talk and have alienated those who like to admire without understanding, have their own voluptuousness; there is no difficulty in speculating on the erotics of this sculpture. But it seems to me that the voluptuousness comes more from the form than from the object, which means that it creates in the beholder the emotion of wonder, and not desire. The choice of subject, even the choice of sculptural problems to be solved, indicates an intense personality at work; the finished object is nobly impersonal.

This is true, too, of almost all of the portrait-heads which Lachaise has made. Rarely a personal comment is seen; in the six heads on view, one seems to fail out of sheer lack of interest. The rest live independent of their subjects. It does not seem possible to me that anyone could render more completely the temperaments of Marin and Steiglitz and Cummings and McBride and could do it with a more illuminating re-creation of the actual physiognomy; but the heads of men I have never seen appear to me to have an identical quality of powerful existence. They are, in short, not portraits of anyone; they are pieces of sculpture.

As long ago as 1920 E. E. Cummings wrote what is still the best article about Lachaise's work ("about" being one of the prepositional attitudes Cummings condemned in that essay). Eight years later one can still say: "Three things Lachaise, to anyone who knows him, is, and is beyond the shadow of a doubt: inherently naïf, fearlessly intelligent, utterly sincere. It is accurate to say that his two greatest hates are the hate of insincerity and the hate of superficiality. . . . Lachaise's favorite (French) word is *simple*. Applied to his work, it means something different from, as in Brancusi, a mere economy of form through the elimination of unessentials; it means form which completely expresses itself, form that perfectly tactilizes the beholder, as in the case of an electric machine which, being grasped, will not let the hand go."

His work does not let us go, because it is the product of an intelligence. We can be taken by an emotion and held bound for a time—the cry of a child in the street. But two things happen: our attention is distracted and our intelligence asserts itself; the emotion is dissipated. The work of Lachaise, supremely sensuous from its surface to its inner core, resists attack because it has construction (a work of the intellect) and because the creator has life to give to his work. It is not, therefore, sculpture to be taken at a glance, to be admired and forgotten.

Lachaise has known the Academy, he has worked for long years in the studio of Manship; he has suffered neglect and, probably, poverty. But his work is not directed *against* anything. It is not a protest against academic

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sculpture or against prettiness; there is not a trace of wilful eccentricity. For him to react against powers which, after all, could not defeat him, would be to waste the energy he has, an energy he puts into action, so that each of his sculptures is an act—as Cummings says, a Verb. With less intelligence, with a character not wholly balanced, the act might lead to strain and distraction. With Lachaise it leads to calm, to equilibrium, and to a majestic nobility. It is "the slow arrow of beauty" vigorously expressing something of a civilization of which speed seems to be the god. It is not an accident that Lachaise is an American, but a choice; he is an American because he can set, against a multitude of racing circumstances, a single fact in complete repose. GILBERT SLEDES.

A New York Diary

IN the compromise between the laboratory and the studio that any scientific film represents, the studio is likely to have the better of it. This seems to have been the case in the Russian film, "The Mechanics of the Brain," showing the work of the Leningrad physiologist, Ivan Pavlov, which was recently given a private showing in New York by the Society for Cultural Relations with Russia and the New School for Social Research. The conditioned reflex might seem thorny material for drama, but the Sovkino studios have managed it skillfully. Their cast of dogs, monkeys, children, and animated diagrams, all act with a genius unmistakably Russian. At the end of the performance, everyone in the audience must understand, if he had never heard of it before, the theory of the conditioned reflex. In simplifying it to this point, however, the producers seem to have left out the most recent experiments. We see all our old favorites—the headless frog scratching the acidulated paper from his left hind foot, the dog whose mouth waters more or less according to the food he is shown, the child trained to expect a meal when the metronome ticks, the monkey running to his food-box when a red circle is shown him, and then deprived of this accomplishment by a carefully localized brain operation. There are interesting comparisons of children with animals and with mature-bodied idiots. The finer experiments, like those in which Dr. Pavlov's dogs are taught to discriminate between rates of tuning-fork vibrations indistinguishable to human ears, would hardly film well. A few old-fashioned phrases survive in the captions. The "psychic stimulus" of the food just out of reach; the complex reactions due to "analysis of the environment"—subjective terms like these bear the stigma of "psychology," and any of Dr. Pavlov's scientists who was careless enough to employ them used to have to pay a fine. But now that our own Dr. Watson has appropriated the conditioned reflex and founded a new school of psychology upon it, perhaps psychology is more popular with these pioneer physiologists. The film will be shown, uncensored, to university and scientific audiences, and perhaps given a popular showing with certain parts cut.

"The Three Musketeers" completes a cycle of musical spectacles such as no one but Ziegfeld could have produced in so short a time, if at all; and if, as music and comedy, it falls short of "Show Boat" and "Rosalie," it is second to none in the series as a spectacle, and to "Show Boat" alone as an exciting romantic play. When one praises, in one and another of these shows, the Hark-rider costumes, the Urban settings, the Hammerstein or McGuire book or the Kern or Gershwin music, nevertheless one has come to realize that with this talent on the open market no one is so likely as Ziegfeld in any given case to exploit it to the utmost; that his standard, undreamed of in Europe, is a mark to shoot at here. Friml's score for "The Three Musketeers" is over-heavy, although "Ma Belle," sung by Joseph Macauley as Aramis, is good operetta and "Your Eyes" a pleasant waltz; in general, the singing of Yvonne D'Arle as the Queen, Vivienne Segal as Constance, and Dennis King as the ideal D'Artagnan are needed to divert attention from the composer's temporary lack of inspiration. William Anthony McGuire's book, though it drags at times, is not humorless, and with the help of Lester Allen as Planchet it avoids a prevailing impression of mere weight. With all the beauty of scene and costume, the unforgettable pictorial effects are of motion: first, Rochefort plunging headlong, thrust through the heart and dragging with and over him the ten-foot hangings of the bed at the close of the boudoir duel; and secondly, the sight of Harriet Hoctor in what is probably the most beautiful ballet dancing seen in this country since Pavlova.

A new occupation has appeared: writing for the radio. At least two of the big New York studios now have on their staffs men who are especially employed to prepare the words which are broadcast, and the practice is expected to grow. These gentlemen write out the pleasing sentences which announcers utter, in male but dulcet tones, introducing the speaker who is next to appear before the microphone; they arrange the skillful phrases in which it is explained, with just the right amount of commercial persistence, that you will next hear the "Liebestod" played through the courtesy of the Acme Cockroach Powder Company; and, when they know enough to do so, they prepare the program notes by which you are told that Bach, Berlin, Gershwin and Shubert are famous composers, before hearing a composition of each. More difficult is the creation of the radio dramas which are rapidly becoming one of the most important features of the aerial vaudeville. One gentleman writes each week an excellent thirty-minute interpretation of some "Great Moment in History," which is acted out before the microphone by a group of players for the National Broadcasting Company. A bucolic drama under the general title, "Titusville Sketches," is written and presented each week over station WOR, the author taking the lead, and supplies one of the few things in the routine weekly broadcast which is worth listening to. Several of the advertisers who regularly buy time on the air also employ the services of writers to arrange their material in the most suitable form. The difficulties which need to be met in writing a play as though it were to be given in a theater where the stage is in darkness are enormous. Will they challenge some unknown genius, who will use this new medium and rise to fresh heights in artistic creation?

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Conference on Pacific Relations

SIR: Can we in the United States rebuild our relations with Latin America, and the nations around the Pacific, and our methods of handling social offenders to accord with the principle of love as seen in Jesus of Nazareth?

The Spring Conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, to be held at the Linwood Christian Church, Kansas City, Missouri, April 10 to 12, will try to answer these questions. Its discussions are open to all who are interested enough to register. People of various races and nationalities will be present. Discussions will be led by Paul Jones, secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation; Kirby Page, editor, The World Tomorrow; Paul Blanshard, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy; F. B. Ross, professor of sociology, Kansas State Teachers College, Emporia; L. A. Halbert, executive director, Council of Social Agencies, Kansas City, Missouri; and Reinhold Niebuhr, author of "Does Civilization Need Religion?"

The headquarters of the Fellowship of Reconciliation is 383 Bible House, New York City.

AMY BLANCHE GREENE.

New York City.

What Price Electricity—in Detroit?

SIR: I have observed a willingness, on the part of the New Republic, to be accurate in its editorial comment. Therefore this response to your editorial, "What Price Electricity," in the issue of February 22.

At the foot of page 6 you write that in Detroit the electricity rates for homes averaged 5 cents in 1914 and 4.8 cents in 1926, a reduction of 4 percent, and you proceed to compare this with a stated reduction in the price of automobiles of 14 percent. Acknowledging that every fact must ultimately fit in with every other fact, there may be relevance in this comparison, but the implication of inconsistent persistence of high electric rates would not be logical even if the figures were correct. The major occasions which influence the price of electricity supply and the price of automobiles are remote from one another.

As to the figures—the average price of electricity in 1914 in the homes in Detroit was a shadow over 6 cents, not 5 cents as quoted by you. The figure 4.8 cents for 1926 is correct. The actual reduction is 20 percent, not 4 percent.

It probably seemed immaterial to the pamphleteer whom you quote that fuel cost and taxes payable by the electric company in Detroit had very greatly increased, and that the average pay of the employees of the electric company (always excluding officers and directors from the reckoning) had more than doubled in 1926 as compared with 1914. The tax and fuel and wage figures are equally valid, of course, for automobile manufacture or for electricity production. And they are almost notorious to students of economics.

But what on earth has the price of electricity in the home got to do with the cost of automobiles? The price of electricity sold to the automobile factory might affect the price of automobiles, but the perverse fact is that the Detroit automobile factories paid *more* per unit of electricity purchased in 1926 than they did in 1914.

ALEX DOW,
President, The Detroit Edison Company.

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: The electrical industry, in its literature during the last five years, has strenuously contended that, while the cost of living has greatly increased since 1914, the cost of electricity to the consumer has gone down, and that in some way great credit is due the industry therefor. In proof, statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor are usually cited. (See photostat of leaflet issued by New York Edison Company enclosed.) So it is the electrical industry—not myself—that Mr. Dow must convince that "the major occasions which influence the price of the electric supply and the price of automobiles"—and I might insert foodstuffs, and other factors in the cost of living—"are remote from one another."

The purpose of the paragraph questioned by Mr. Dow was to act as a reminder to the electrical industry that there were factors in the cost of living other than electricity which have declined. The one cited, i. e., the cost of automobiles, has gone down more rapidly than the rates for electricity—much more rapidly, certainly, than the rates for domestic electricity.

The Monthly Labor Review for February, 1928—see table at the bottom of page 231 (copy enclosed)—states that, taking thirty-two cities, the average price paid for electricity for household consumption decreased from December, 1913, to December, 1925 (the year for which the automobile comparison is made), by 9.9 percent. As it had already decreased 3.7 percent between December, 1913, and December, 1914, the 1925 price was just 6.2 percent less than the 1914 price (4.8 was the percentage used in your quotation). This compares with the 14 percent estimated reduction in the price of automobiles; a reduction which would have been materially greater had we taken 1922, 1923 or 1924. May we also not assume that since 1925 the reduction in the price of automobiles (quality considered) has much more than kept up with the slight further reduction in the price of electricity, as stated by the table cited to be 2.4 percent?

In a study made for me, dated August 30, 1926, by the head of the Statistical Department of one of the largest automobile manufacturers in Detroit, appears this table:

PRICE PER UNIT OF ELECTRICITY SUPPLIED BY THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY TO THE AVERAGE RESIDENTIAL CONSUMER IN DETROIT AND VICINITY.

Year	*Cents per k.w.h.*	*Percent of change.*
1898-1902	9.7 cents	94.0
1903-1904	9.0 „	80.0
1905-1906	6.8 „	36.0
1907	5.2 „	4.0
1908-1919 (1914 Base)	5.0 „	.0
1920-1921	5.6 „	12.0
1922-1925	5.2 „	4.0
1926	4.8 „	—4.0

The average cost given in the middle column is most accurately arrived at by dividing the total revenue from domestic customers by the total number of k.w.h. sold to them. This is a very simple computation—if you have the figures. So when Mr. Dow says that the figure for 1914 should be 6 cents—and not 5 as I stated—he ought to know. But it must be recalled that it is only recently that such direct data have been available. In a number of rate cases won for the public, we have been forced to arrive at this figure by a circuitous route. It was only during Governor Pinchot's term that our Public Service Commission began securing these figures from the Pennsylvania operating companies.

Just how grateful the Detroiters ought to be for even the 20 percent drop in domestic rates which Mr. Dow claims, may be judged by the trend of prices during the same period in Windsor, Ontario—connected with Detroit by ferry over Detroit River—where the operation is municipally owned and under the direction of the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario. There the trend has been as follows:

Year	*Net Cost per k.w.h. including all charges.*
1915	4.9 cents
1916	4.9 „
1917	4.5 „
1918	4.2 „
1919	3.9 „
1920	3.2 „
1921	3.0 „

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1922	2.6	„
1923	2.2	„
1924	1.9	„
1925	1.7	„
1926	1.7	„

Mr. Dow, in addition to being head of the Detroit Edison, is president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He has made many valuable contributions to electrical development, and is still among the leaders of the industry, largely by virtue of innate abilities. But perhaps due to years of service as chairman of the Rate Research Committee of the National Electric Light Association, he takes a quaint attitude toward comments on the electrical industry from the outside.

Some years back, and after three years of struggle before our Public Service Commission, the City of Philadelphia won a rate case and obtained a reduction of $1,050,000 a year in public and private rates from the Philadelphia Electric Company—including a cash return of nearly $200,000 rebates, due the city under the *settlement for public lighting on a retroactive contract.* At the following N. E. L. A. convention Mr. Dow described this as a "correction of rates" rather than "a downward reduction in rates," and alleged that what every newspaper and informed person in Philadelphia regarded as a notable victory for the people was nothing more than what it had been in the mind of the company to do all along. Milo R. Maltbie, a Public Service Commissioner in New York under appointment of Governor Hughes, retained by the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania as expert in this case, in comment on Mr. Dow's speech said: "This plea reminds me very much of the position of a boy who has been told a *second* time by his mother to bring in the wood. When so admonished, he replies, 'Oh yes, mother, I was going for it; indeed, I intended to fill the woodbox before you spoke about it the first time. I knew you wanted wood all the time, and I was on my way for it and would have been there now if you had not detained me by reminding me that you wanted some wood.'"

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Jones Cross-Examined

SIR: In his extraordinarily incoherent comment on Professor Babbitt ("Professor Babbitt Cross-Examined," the New Republic, March 21), Mr. Howard Mumford Jones would seem to have been more anxious to cross-examine Professor Babbitt than to understand him. To mention only three instances:

1. Mr. Mencken has said: "The critic is simply trying to express himself." Professor Babbitt has said: "To reduce criticism to the satisfaction of a temperamental urge, to the uttering of one's gustos and disgustos . . . is to run counter to the very etymology of the word which implies discrimination and judgment." From which Mr. Jones draws the magnificent conclusion that Professor Babbitt is an excellent "illustration of Mr. Mencken's theory."

2. In the "unhappy illogic" of Professor Babbitt, according to Mr. Jones, Mr. Mencken is responsible for all the faults of contemporary American letters, as Rousseau was responsible for all the ills of contemporary society. But Professor Babbitt uses Rousseau and Mencken as symbols, not as individuals. He distinctly points out, in his introduction to "Rousseau and Romanticism," that he is interested only in "main tendencies" and that he is "not seeking to make a scapegoat even of the radical and revolutionary Rousseau."

3. Mr. Jones says: "Mr. Babbitt continues to attempt to coalesce into one magnificent figure Plato and St. Paul, Socrates and Christ, Aristotle—and John Bunyan." But Professor Babbitt has said: "I myself am fond of distinguishing three levels on which a man may experience life—the naturalistic, the humanistic and the religious," pointing out the equivalence of definite individuals on a specific plane, such as Buddha and Christ on the religious, Confucius and Aristotle on the humanistic, and Lao Tze and Rousseau on the naturalistic.

In passing, may I state that for Mr. Jones to speak of Professor Babbitt's "loose thinking and vicious writing" and to insinuate that he "does not read very widely in contemporary literature or that perhaps he does not quite understand what he reads" is, referring to so distinguished a scholar and critic as Professor Babbitt, more presumptuous than convincing.

EDWIN SEAVER.

Woodstock, N. Y.

Mr. Frank and American History

SIR: I wish to comment on Professor S. E. Morison's letter in your issue of March 14, because it forecasts one inevitable type of reaction to such a work as "The Re-Discovery of America"—a type which concerns the writer whose aim is essential portraiture, not mere photography of facts or impressions. I can make my point through examining briefly what the Professor says.

He calls my theory of American history "arresting" and does not directly refer to it again; but proceeds to assail my facts on the ground that my "reasoning is deductive." Of course, my method is not deduction at all, and any average intelligence not impeded by some inner cause from reading fairly what I write, would know this. Now, as to the "facts": He denies my statement that the New England village "stood alone." This statement was made in the context of a comparison of the separatist creeds with Pope Gregory's projection of the earth as the Body of Christ. He calls "absolutely untrue" my observation that the South had relics of feudalism and "proves" his refutation by reference to the Carolina Constitutions. Of course, I had in mind the planters' social codes, and the institution of slavery. He rejects my summary: "America, once colonized, was at once archaic" (which I devote a chapter to defining, supporting, qualifying), with the single vague assertion that "the new world inspired the intellects of eighteenth-century Europe and the democrats [sic!] of the nineteenth-century Europe." Of course, even if this were true, it would merely bear out my point that America, in one aspect, was an ultimate of the tendencies of decadent Europe. Naturally, the men in Europe who were expressing the European deliquescence would be delighted and inspired by the extremities of their doctrines in America. So far, Professor Morison is merely not cogent. Now, he throws my thesis utterly to the winds, for this thesis assumes the deep organic relation between America and Europe, and makes qualitative distinctions. Professor Morison sets up (as mine) a bare antithesis, which he then proceeds to demolish in the delusion that he is answering me. Thus, he asks me if I have ever heard of the Anabaptists or of Milton's "slaughtered thousands," as if this threw a light on the qualitative condition of the societies in question. He declares that Jonathan Edwards was read in Scotland, as if this weakened my symbolic use of him for the extreme of Calvinism in New England. (By the way, Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought" more than justifies this use.) And, most amazing of all, he thinks he is meeting my use of Mormonism as a qualitative American example of something European by telling us that the Mormons proselytized in England!

So much for his logic, which simply does not touch my thesis. As if he were aware of this, Professor Morison now proceeds to a "direct attack" on my writings in general. He devotes eight lines to calling them bad names; he impugns their honesty and declares that they are "mischievous" because, as he says, "the clean fresh-minted brightness of their style gives them high exchange value in Europe." And this brings me to my point. Why does Professor Morison of Harvard write a letter so obviously ill-founded and unfair to my purpose? I can think of but one interpretation. Hostility to a *general vision* of life will often upset a man, so that he grows emotional about it. In this state, he will find it easiest to call names and to assail that vision, not by confronting it squarely, but by picking flaws (often correctly) of details or by distorting details from their context. If something better lies behind Professor Morison's attack he has not done it justice; he has not furthered (and this is the main matter) the cause of intellectual creation to which both of us are devoted.

WALDO FRANK.

Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

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American Heroes

Frémont: The West's Greatest Adventurer, by Allan Nevins. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols. 738 pages. $10.

Henry Clay Frick: The Man, by George Harvey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 382 pages. $5.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT was the illegitimate son of a Virginian lady, who had been married at seventeen to a sixty-year-old husband. She ran away with a French émigré and, after some years of wanderings in the South, in the course of which her lover died, she went to live in Charleston, South Carolina, where her son came to manhood in the duelling, drinking and racing society of the old South. He became at college a brilliant classical scholar: Greek especially, he afterwards wrote, "had a mysterious charm, as if behind the strange characters belonging to an ancient world I was to find things of wonderful interest"; but he presently fell in love with a beautiful Creole girl, with large dark eyes and blue-black hair, and thereafter so neglected his studies that he was finally dismissed from college. Of his escapades with Cecilia, however, he afterwards wrote that they were "days of unreflecting life when I lived in the glow of a passion that now I know extended its refining influence over my whole life." He was handsome, and already exhibited, at sixteen, what were to prove afterwards his dominant characteristics: "ardor, imagination, ambition, quickness, endurance and reckless impetuosity."

After a brief period in the Navy, the young Frémont was given an opportunity to participate in a surveying expedition for the route of a projected railroad between Charleston and Cincinnati. "The survey," he said, "was a kind of picnic, with work enough to give it zest, and we were all sorry when it was over." In the course of it, he fell in love again, and made his first acquaintance with the Indians: "He sometimes visited Indian feasts which broke up, when the Cherokees became mad with drink, in furious disorder; he saw them end in bloody frays, the braves slashing each other with knives." Joel R. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, the first describer and the eponym of the poinsettia, was struck with the young man's abilities and had him commissioned in the Topographical Corps and included in an expedition, under the Frenchman Nicollet, to survey the region between the upper Mississippi and the Missouri. Here he encountered voyageurs, scouts, fur traders, frontier soldiers, Indians, buffalo, prairie fires, and, in the lowlands near Lac qui Parle, an astonishing contrast of purple asters with the yellow of goldenrod, which he never forgot.

When Frémont returned from the expedition, he went to live in Washington with Nicollet, upon whom he had made a great impression, at the house of the superintendent of the Coast Survey, a distinguished Swiss scientist, who kept a French chef, did a great deal of entertaining and "used to be driven through the streets in what he called the 'ark,' a huge comfortable carriage which he used in visiting his surveying parties, and which was packed with red and white German wines, choice foods, and soft bedding." Frémont and Nicollet worked at their maps together and had an astronomical observatory built on the roof. Frémont fell in love with Senator Benton's daughter, who was then not yet sixteen. "There came a glow into my heart," wrote Frémont, "which changed the current and color of daily life, and gave beauty to common things." Jessie Benton was high-spirited and strong-willed, as well as remarkably well educated, and, between Washington, St. Louis and her grandfather's estate in Virginia, with a considerable experience of the world. Benton thought her too young to marry, especially to marry so young and poor a man, and tried to get Frémont out of the way by having him sent on an expedition along the Des Moines River. When Frémont returned, as the parents remained obdurate, he and Jessie were married secretly. When the Senator was at last presented with the *fait accompli,* after a scene of denunciation and repudiation in the old-fashioned Southern grand manner, he became reconciled to the situation and played the role of Frémont's principal supporter in that brilliant career of fighting and exploration which was soon to make his son-in-law a national hero.

Henry Clay Frick (if I may be forgiven for borrowing the formula of the Teasing Tom song in "Patience") was born thirty-seven years later than Frémont (in 1849) in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. His parents were German and Swiss; his grandfather, a pious Mennonite, was the original manufacturer of that admirable "Old Overholt" rye whiskey which is still bottled in bond by the government. Frick's father was a small farmer and, as a boy, Frick worked on the farm. His education was very meager: he left school at seventeen, and, in the meantime, he worked in an uncle's store, where he got nothing but his board and the privilege of sleeping on the counter. Later on, he graduated to the store of another uncle, where he was paid a salary reputed to have been three dollars a week. On one occasion, when he was at school and the teacher had threatened to whip one of his little cousins, a girl, the boy became furious and averted the punishment by threatening to beat the teacher. It was afterwards recalled of him that he had said, at this time, that his grandfather had made half a million, and that he intended, before he died, "to be worth a million." He also inaugurated the policy which he was to pursue throughout his career of procuring "the best there is": he discarded his ill-fitting farmer's-boy clothes and bought a sixteen-dollar pair of black boots, with yellow stitching, which, at the end of six months, he had kept "as bright and spotless as when new." He developed, during this period, an extraordinary gift for book-keeping, and later, when he was making first eight, then twelve, dollars a week, at a larger store, after working from six to eight, he would study banking and accounting every night at a business college.

Later, he was given a place by his grandfather, at a thousand dollars a year, as chief book-keeper of the distillery. After old Overholt's death, in 1870, young Frick went into the coke business with a cousin, who had invested in coal lands: they foresaw the rise of the steel industry in Pittsburgh and believed that coke would prove to be the necessary fuel for the steel furnaces. Frick succeeded in borrowing $10,599 to buy more lands, and persuaded his father to endorse countless notes upon which he procured small sums from the farmers of the countryside, "hitching up at dawn and driving all over the country and coming back at night with pockets full of greenbacks." He also preached to the father of Andrew Mellon, who had opened a bank in Pittsburgh, the glorious future of the coking business, and borrowed from him $10,000 for the purpose of building fifty ovens: "Judge Mellon was not impulsive; he was notably cautious," but "that he was favorably impressed by the terse representations, direct methods and engaging manners of his confident young customer may well be believed." And before the first fifty ovens were finished, he asked for an additional loan to build fifty more.

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Judge Mellon sent a representative to investigate Frick and Company, and was advised not to make the loan, as the director was a mere boy, who had to give part of his time to keeping the books of a large store and whose "half-office and half-living-room in a clapboard shack" was filled with prints and sketches. Later on, however, the Judge made further inquiries and received the following report: "Lands good, ovens well built, manager on job all day, keeps books evenings, may be a little too enthusiastic about pictures, but not enough to hurt; knows his business down to the ground; advise making the loan." The loan was made and the business prospered.

But in 1873, the panic fell: iron mills were shut down; mines abandoned: Pittsburgh was paralyzed and the demand for coke began to dwindle. "'It was,' said Mr. Frick nearly half a century later, 'an awful time.'" But Frick and Company persisted. The young Frick became his own sales agent, and, after rising every morning at six, looking over the ovens, and seeing that the work was set going, would take the train to Pittsburgh, where he tramped from factory to factory, soliciting orders: at six, he would reach home and "attend to the details of mining till bed-time." At last, however, he became inspired to what his biographer describes as "a truly dashing stroke." There was a small railroad between Broadford and Mt. Pleasant, built for the purpose of transporting coke, which, as a result of the bad conditions, had almost ceased to operate: the stockholders, foreseeing bankruptcy, were eager to sell their shares, and Frick knew that, if the railroad were to stop, he would have to close his mines. He therefore borrowed a fast horse and drove round to see the shareholders, whom he easily persuaded to sign options on their stock; he then visited the management of the Baltimore and Ohio and preached again the revelation of the future greatness of the coke industry: he pointed out to them the desirability of purchasing now, at the lowest price, a line which must some day become valuable. The B. and O. bought the options at cost and paid Frick himself a commission of fifty thousand, which enabled him to buy, among other things, the fast gray single-footer with which he had rounded up the shares. Judge Mellon was so favorably impressed by the astuteness of this transaction that he granted his young friend a mortgage loan which made it possible for him to purchase fifteen thousand dollars' worth of freight cars for the purpose of shipping coke over the road he had just sold and to obtain "a line of discount not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars."

From this time, the business prospered. By 1897, Frick was employing nearly a thousand men and shipping nearly a hundred carloads of coke a day: the price of coke had risen from ninety cents to five dollars a ton. "When spring-time came, the various factors of mining, manufacture, transportation and selling had been welded into a smoothly-working machine, whose essential attributes required only expansion to assure the ultimate success of the gigantic steel corporation, and the originator of the marvelous system saw his way clear to take his first holiday." This holiday was a trip to Europe with his friend, young Andrew Mellon. Frick proposed two other companions, one a popular young man, who wrote poems, sang songs and told stories; Frick and Mellon had agreed that, being so little lively themselves, it would be an excellent idea to take "someone along to do the talking." The other man, however, was notoriously dull, and Mellon demurred a little over accepting him: Frick explained that there was a "special reason" why he should like to have him of the party. And, in fact, when the excursion was finished and Frick and Mellon had to return home, it was found that the unexplained companion had acquired such an appetite for travel that he was eager to go on around the world and, in order to gratify his desire, consented to sell to Frick, at what was from the latter's point of view an excellent bargain, certain coal lands in the Connellsville region which he owned. When Frick returned to Pittsburgh, he picked out, at a reception, "the handsomest girl in the room," and three months after, had married her. As a climax to their honeymoon, the young husband brought his wife to New York and took her to dinner with Carnegie and his mother at the Windsor Hotel. A surprise had been reserved for the end: after dinner, Carnegie announced that he and Frick had gone into partnership. Mrs. Carnegie, who had not been warned of this, remarked drily, in the presence of the guests: "Surely, Andrew, that will be a fine thing for Mr. Frick, but what will be the gain to us?"

Such were the lives of these two remarkable Americans up to the time of their marriages, and up to the thresholds of their greatest successes. The most astonishing adventures and the most impressive achievements of both were still to come, and no brief condensation would do them justice. It may be that a part of the contrasting impression which the explorer and the capitalist make on us is due to the very unequal value and differing temperaments of their respective biographers: Professor Nevins has produced a remarkably attractive book—well written, accurate, consecutive, beautifully proportioned and disciplined by a detachment as far from the silly irony which has become the fashion in contemporary biography as from the injudicious impulse to magnify or rehabilitate of the fanatical enthusiast; and he also persuades us the more easily because, though he possesses a fine dramatic sense, he refrains from the obvious romantic treatment and overindulgence in the picturesque which his subject invites, but depends for his effects upon the assembling and arrangement of facts. Colonel Harvey brings to his task only that shrewdness of the small Vermont shop-keeper which enables him to appreciate, *en connoisseur,* the shrewdness of the shop-keeper in Frick, in Carnegie and in Rockefeller: he has neither literary ability nor imagination, and there is something profoundly sordid and ungracious about his nature which makes us feel that, even though he has here attempted to present his subject in a favorable light and limited though Frick himself unquestionably was, the collector of Rembrandts and Vermeers may yet not have lacked distinction to quite the gruesome degree that his biographer's pages do.

Yet there is here, in these two biographies, the material for a contrast of an interesting and significant kind. Frémont had many weaknesses and made many mistakes, which Professor Nevins does not try to disguise: he was often tactless, incautious, visionary, egoistic, vain. His conquest of California ended in failure; his career as a general during the Civil War laid him open to damaging criticism; and he was so poor a business man that he allowed his California estate, valued at $10,000,000, to be ruined by an unscrupulous speculator, and then lost the little that was left in a badly managed railroad enterprise, so that he died, at sixty, a poor man, in a New York boarding-house. The most serious blunders of Frémont seem to have been committed through lack of prudence: on his return from his first expedition, he insisted upon running, in an elastic boat, the rapids of an impossible canyon on the Platte River, and finally succeeded in wrecking the whole party; and his almost lunatic passion for crossing the Sierras in

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mid-winter, though, the first time, it brought him at last to the beauty and the abundance of the Sacramento Valley, ended, the second, in horror and disaster. Yet, when we have finished the story of his life, we are ready to say to ourselves: Who would not die in poverty for such a life? and we are willing to agree with the poet that "only the wasteful virtues win the sun"—as, with Frick, so much of whose strength lay precisely in his impregnable caution, in his incapacity for taking chances with that soundly invested fortune which he had worked so single-mindedly to amass, we wonder at last, as we read of him in his last years, even in the solitude of that museum where he had entombed, as perhaps all museums must entomb, some of the glories of an age which had known how to live with more bravery and with more joy than the world in which once, during the poverty of his boyhood, his taste for such humble prints as he had been able to buy in the towns of Pennsylvania had been considered by Judge Mellon's emissary a possible objection to his business undertaking—even when we see him among his pictures, to which, his biographer tells us, he was in the habit of going to sit, late at night, in silence and solitude, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves what is the good of prudence and persistency which only bring a man to such enjoyment of subtlety and color as may be bought in the works of art created long ago and by other men. The goldenro' and asters of Frémont, the blue-black hair of Cecilia, were a natural part of his life: they were one of the elements that fed it.

It is perhaps all too easy to contrast Frick with Frémont in such a way as to give the latter all the best of it: to set Frémont's comments on his own adventures, his statement in his memoirs, for example, that he had, on his first expedition, lived "with the fine Greek joy in existence, in the gladness of living," beside the meager memoranda dictated by Frick to commemorate events of special interest, memoranda taken down by his secretary, in which he himself is referred to in the third person:

> At Sherry's [in 1912] Mr. Grier bet [me?] $50,000 to $400 that if Roosevelt gets both Republican and Progressive nominations, he will be elected.
>
> In Pittsburgh [1916] attended Chamber of Commerce dinner, met Senator Warren Harding of Ohio; he looks like fine Presidential timber.
>
> Movies taken of Mr. F. playing cards. Very lifelike.
>
> Had ten young farmers from Montana on their way to the war at Thanksgiving Dinner. Splendid chaps.
>
> Hereafter, when I purchase anything from [naming a certain picture dealer] it will be entered in this diary on the day I buy it. If no memo is entered it is understood that everything left is on approval.
>
> Dr. Pritchett lunched with others and showed up Wilson's character. Mr. F. drew out others but did not express opinion.
>
> Stopped at Baltimore and saw the Walters Collection.
>
> Will Hays called. Contribution.
>
> Mr. F. left Pride's for New York with Mr. Grier. He had refused to take an overcoat, but found one in the car and threw it out of the window to tease his daughter.

It is all too easy to speculate as to whether that fellow traveler of Frick's who exchanged his coal-lands in a bad bargain for the expenses of a trip around the world did not perhaps, after all, get the best of the bargain. Yet Frick makes, in some respects, by no means a contemptible showing beside the explorer and pioneer. Frick has his own sort of heroism, his own courage and independence, his own dignity and even honesty. His battle with his employees, for example, over the terrible Homestead strike, required boldness as well as obstinacy. We may dislike the narrowness of his mind, the obduracy and grimness of his attitude toward organized labor, his stupidity about most of those matters in which we should most willingly see our leaders interested: yet, in his fashion, he makes an impressive figure. He is seen perhaps at his best on the occasion of his attempted assassination by Alexander Berkman. Berkman had already shot him twice and stabbed him three times before Frick had succeeded in pinioning him to the floor. A Deputy Sheriff rushed in and was about to shoot the assassin: "Don't shoot!" commanded Frick, "leave him to the law. But raise his head and let me see his face." When this was done, Frick pointed out that Berkman's jaw was moving, and the Sheriff extracted from his mouth a capsule of fulminite of mercury sufficient to blow up the whole office. The wounded man was again trying to prevent any violence to Berkman when he became faint and had to be carried out. While the doctors were treating his wounds, he was arranging that his wife and his mother should be notified in such a way as not to alarm them; and when it became necessary to extract the bullets, he refused to take an anesthetic, suggesting that he might help the doctors in locating them, which he did. He then had himself propped up at his desk and went on with his day's work, "specifying the final terms of a loan which he had been negotiating." Before he left in an ambulance, he dictated the following statement: "This incident will not change the attitude of the Carnegie Steel Company toward the Amalgamated Association. I do not think I shall die, but whether I do or not, the Company will pursue the same policy and it will win." He refused thereafter to have a bodyguard and continued to go to and from his office without protection. He had become a part of that overwhelming power of the steel mills which dominates and drives the lives of employers and workmen alike: he had come to embody in his own person its almost extra-human discipline and force.

A son who had been born to Frick on the almost revolutionary day of the battle of Homestead, died after the strike had been broken: and while Frick lay dazed from the assassin's attack, he had seen a vision of another child who had died the year before, and had imagined she was alive. We are touched here by the intimate interdependence between what is tenderest in men and what is most formidable; but we remember, also, Frémont's return after the first of his great expeditions and his spreading upon the bed of the daughter who had been born during his absence the ragged American flag which he had been the first to raise from the highest peak of the Rockies. And beside the figure of the Bismarck of Homestead, whose first thought, after the attempt on his life, is to reassure his wife and mother, there rises the vision of the explorer, returned from the long Californian expedition in the course of which he had lost communication with his family and was reported to have disappeared, landing late at night on the levee at St. Louis, throwing pebbles at the windows of his own house, told by the Negro coachman that his wife had gone to spend the night at the house of a sick cousin and, after at first setting out for the cousin's house, sitting down to wait the night through on a bench in front of a hotel, because he

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feared that the shock of his arrival might be injurious to the tubercular cousin.

Frémont found the road to the West and "from the ashes of his campfires have sprung cities." H. C. Frick produced the coke that made the steel with which were built the railroads that spanned the continent—those railroads in which Frémont lost his last pennies; and Frick's race, too, was one of giants. They are all here in his biography, these giants—Carnegie, Gary, Schwab, Morgan, the Rockefellers, and they inevitably strike us as comic: in spite of all their immense power, they impress us, in their great transactions, as unexpectedly clownish, because they have no dignified aims and, except in a very debased sense, no honor: they are funny because, though associates as often as competitors, they are always trying to swindle each other. We hear a good deal about the romance of big business, and Americans, whatever we may say, live much in awe of the rich. Yet when one has read this history of a great capitalist after this history of a great explorer, one is almost ready to agree with Nietzsche that there are only three kinds of real creator: the scientist, the artist and the sportsman—because they alone play the game for its own sake, they alone may be entirely free from the appetite for power, for money or for the vulgar good opinion of their neighbors. Frémont, in the early and most brilliant period of his life, was a scientist and a sportsman; Nicollet and his associates were scientists: Kit Carson and the other frontiersmen whom Frémont knew in the old wild West were sportsmen. That West which they ranged and studied no longer now exists; we live in the world of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan and Frick; and what leadership or revelation may Americans be sanguine enough still to await from them or from their agents in the White House or the legislature? The Americans have already given evidence of their appetite for a different sort of hero in their acclamation of two sportsmen, Lindbergh and Byrd. And what new type of American may we still be destined to produce to provide the nation with heroes and leaders?

EDMUND WILSON.

Performed by Starlight

Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard, by Elinor Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, annoyed with Pope, once jeered at him as "that clever creature! that quintessence of soul! that drop of clear spirit in cotton wool!" It is in some such fashion that an enemy of Elinor Wylie would have to describe her. For, however he might deride her mere cleverness, however much he might insist on the cotton wool, he could not in common honesty forbear to mention also the clarity and the quintessence.

"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," like all her novels, is a fairy tale. It is a fairy-tale tragedy of the mind. The hero, Mr. Hazard, "a composite miniature of the whole generation of early nineteenth-century romantics," is post-1830, and somewhat the worse for wear. But of his mysterious and active existence before we meet him we are told little. We see him first after the dull fiasco of the Greek war of independence, when, newly returned to London, and a mere skeleton of his earlier self, he is taxed with the blundering mercies of a well meaning friend —strongly resembling Leigh Hunt—and of his friend's even more redoubtable wife. A bout of fever purchases him a brief immunity, and when he is recovered, he decamps to the country, to one of his old haunts. There he labors on his poem, neglects his body, and is caught in an idyll. With the menacing advent of Mr. Hodge, the four-square fierce materialist, his idyll is shattered, and we leave him in the midst of enemies, and reaching once more for his discarded mask.

Elinor Wylie's method is completely artificial: that is, it is completely literary. She never furnishes her scene with those "realistic" sets that made Colley Cibber or David Belasco a nine-day's wonder. "Here you shall find a paper stage strewed with pearl, an artificial heaven to overshadow the fair frame, and crystal walls to encounter your curious eyes; whiles the tragi-comedy of love is performed by starlight." She never writes pamphlets, and when she takes a text, a line of poetry must serve as dogma. Her language, like the figures which inhabit it, is fragile, often brittle as the glass it delights to honor; and though it shivers sometimes on the edge of preciosity, it never falls over into bathos. There is nothing lush nor rank in the formal garden of her pages: all is trimmed, swept, clipped and ordered; but there are flowers. The landscape over which her domain extends is cultivated to the extreme, the horizons (apparently) neatly indicated, and the weather apt to be as magically fickle as on Prospero's isle; the inhabitants, who may strike you at first as a queer and rather inhuman lot, have a disarming way with them of slipping into gestures whose natural and simple grace speaks to the heart. They are never simple for long, and that is one of their charms.

This writer's words are always exact: the outline of her language is as definite as the edges of a carefully tended pool, its content as evanescent as the ruffled surface of the water. Her writing is a beautiful example of the paradox of language, which by saying one thing with exactitude conveys the echoes of oblique meanings; this prose could never have been written were its author not skilled in verse. It is among the swift shadows of thought and feeling that Elinor Wylie makes her difficult path; and she comes nearer, consequently, than many a blunter intent could come, to that finally unapproachable border where literature touches life.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

A Sociologist's Roadside Notes

Life and the Student, by Charles Horton Cooley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 240 pages. $2.50.

MR. CHARLES HORTON COOLEY is a professor of sociology. In view of the arid wood-pulp that masquerades as sociology in America, this fact will doubtless be sufficient to drive a good many readers from "Life and the Student," without giving it the benefit of a trial; and I would warn them that the label means nothing: "Life and the Student" is a book of *pensées:* it is written in a clear and companionable English: and, full of seasoned experience, it is one of the most fresh and ingratiating reflections of a personality that has appeared in American letters for a long time.

Those who know Professor Cooley from his contributions to sociology are aware that he is neither a narrow nor a superficial thinker: no one has written with more authority on the social process and the social order, and his contributions to sociology are not only perhaps the soundest his generation has produced, but also, with the exception of Mr. Thorstein Veblen's unique works, the most

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fruitful. In these "Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society, and Letters," his personality discloses itself more fully: here one discovers the varied observations, experiences, readings upon which his sociology has drawn; but better than this, one ceases to think of his academic connections, and regards him as a philosopher and a man. As a diarist, his writing is in the line of Emerson and Samuel Butler; and because he is in this line, he is first of all himself.

It is almost impossible to sum up such a multitude of reflections, or to follow any thread except that of the personality that binds them all together; but I cannot resist a quotation or two—and, were it possible, I should give the reader the whole book:

> Eugenists seem not entirely consistent. When they are dealing with the poorer classes all is heredity; education can do nothing for these people; if environment is bad, it is because heredity has made it so. Poor stock! But in dealing with the degeneracy of the prosperous—luxury, decay of family life and failure to reproduce—is this due to heredity? Not at all! This is superior stock in a demoralizing environment. Let them be morally improved, coaxed to reform their habits and have more children.
>
> A man may write on Love and Art and Peace and what not, but he will write to little purpose unless he has, back of it all, a natural ferocity.
>
> Since the facts of sociology are those of personality and human change, and since these are precisely what the men of other sciences are taught to eliminate, it would be strange if they did not regard this science with distrust.

"Life and the Student" will, I think, gather a quiet reputation for itself, and be read and valued, long after most of the current books that have bawled their way into the marketplace have been shouldered out of the way by their younger competitors. Hitherto we have had to go to a man like Havelock Ellis for such a book; for the humanism of most of our "humanist" critics has been acerbic and sterile; and it is a great delight to discover such a fine harmony of thought and feeling and observation, of special training and wide reading, such a wide field of experience and such a sharp focus, in a native thinker. If this kind of personality can be entertained and nourished in an American university—Mr. Cooley is a professor at Michigan—there is perhaps still a little hope for the university.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Bright Doom

The Bright Doom, by John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 80 pages. $2.

"THE BRIGHT DOOM" of John Hall Wheelock is a comfortable batch of poems; in it the reader seems to recognize again, with a pleasant sense of nostalgia, all the verse he has once met in turning over the pages of magazines and then forgotten to remember. This is a book of echoes and not of very distinguished echoes. It represents rather an accretion of those anonymous phrases, images, and ideas that one vaguely thinks of as "poetic." Whatever edge and meaning they once possessed has been long since thumbed off, so that they are now nothing more than blank counters with only a faint sentimental value. Mr. Wheelock's poetic vocabulary, aside from articles and prepositions, is largely composed of "lone," "lorn," and "old": there is the "old pilgrimage," "old desolate ways," "old indomitable choir," "the old hour of delight." Stated roundly, this amounts to the fact that Mr. Wheelock lacks one of the first requisites of an artist—a feeling for his medium. In phrase and image he is contented with the first makeshift suggested by convention; he has little sense either of immediate accuracy or of connotative values, two elements whose reconciliation may be demanded of any adequate poetic expression.

In the larger aspect of theme and idea the same derivative quality appears. It is not that Mr. Wheelock has any one master; he has used to his own ends incidental fragments from a number of poets. "The Heart Grows Old," as well as several other poems, has its origins in Yeats; "Unrest" is a rewriting of Adelaide Crapsey's best known cinquain, "There be three silent things." "This Quiet Dust" is obviously suggested by a poem of Emily Dickinson's, "This quiet dust was gentlemen and ladies." The "Holy Earth," a performance of considerable merit in itself, is reminiscent of certain passages in Tennyson's "Maud." The important fact about Mr. Wheelock's borrowings is not merely that he borrows, but that he fails to assimilate the borrowed material as his own. There is such a thing as inspiration which is literary, but nevertheless genuine; superior talent has in many instances found its impulse in just that fashion; but since it possessed its own definite center, it could subordinate the elements so gathered.

There are occasions, however, when Mr. Wheelock is able to escape and to write such poems as the "Masque of Being":

> The fish-hawk over the water and the gray fish that goes
> Glimmering through the water—the preyer and the prey—
> They follow or hasten ever; they wrestle together, they close
> In the old fearful fashion, in the old fierce way.
>
> Harsh are the rites of being, and bitter is the war
> Waged between life and life by the blind will-to-be:
> Yet all if they but knew it, are one—lovers they are
> Who strive, each with the other, in a great mystery.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Recent Fiction

The Promised Land, by Ladislas Reymont. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE information that this is one of Reymont's early works is necessary to reassure a little our frequently challenged faith in the Nobel Prize committee. It is gratifying, theoretically at least, to encounter a writer who appears so anxious to revive the quantitative dimensions of the novel: the trouble is simply that here the effort has been rather too much in a horizontal, and not nearly enough in a vertical, direction. The book possesses, as impressively as "The Peasants," that important and obsolescent property of the novel form called "canvas"—so much of a certain kind of canvas, in fact, that it is almost impossible to read. For background Reymont has shifted from the agrarian simplicities which pleased the Nobel committee to the industrial complications of Lodz, the manufacturing center of Poland. Students of labor conditions in Central Europe during the nineteenth century will doubtless find this background more useful or exciting

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than the average reader. Certainly the characters are more comprehensible when talking about their factories than when attempting to express their thoughts or emotions. The clairvoyance of their language on such occasions is matched in depth only by the running analysis of their creator. What must be granted is that somehow the desired effect is attained—the composite aroma of a sordid and banal society; perhaps less through the inherent drabness of the material than through the lean ineptitude of the writer's means.

W. T.

Meat, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS is a bad novel by a master of the short story. Like all of Mr. Steele's stories, it has a dynamic subject—the problem of the protection of the unfit at the expense of the sound—but the author's method of presentation is simply to intensify all his means of expression to a degree of vehemence that defeats its own purpose. His forms are distorted into muscular monstrosities, strained and twisted in moral contortions with a kind of desperate exaggeration that belies the original impulse. The whole structure is overbalanced by its emotional tensions and the concluding relief is simply anti-climax. To those who looked for great things from the author of "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," "Meat" is not merely monstrous, but monstrous disappointing.

D. B. W.

The Kiss, by M. K. Wisehart. New York: The Century Company. $2.

WHEN "The Kiss" starts off in its colorless-naïve style, reminding us of Sherwood Anderson at his least silly, we settle back to slog our dogged way through another dull and conscientious work. But as careful chapter succeeds careful chapter, and the colorlessness is tinged with increasing life, we forget to be conscientious, and become engrossed. The plot, which might have been taken (and perhaps was) from a newspaper clipping, seems fantastically improbable, but clothed with its persons and events, it becomes as inevitable as the people next door. A parson in a Connecticut town on a sudden impulse kisses one of his parishioners. But he is not really that kind at all; and the affair goes no further. Rumor, however, steps in; is almost laid, is fanned by a newspaper reporter, revives, and does its work. So cunningly has Mr. Wisehart grafted his story together that at times we feel almost sick with powerlessness, and avert our eyes from the tragedy we see impending. But the author turns aside the catastrophe, and it is a tribute to his painstaking skill that we do not murmur against his solution. It is only a pity that Mr. Wisehart does not write with more distinction, for he has evidently taught himself how a well made novel should be made.

T. S. M.

Contributors

R. L. DUFFUS was formerly a member of the staff of the San Francisco Bulletin, the New York Globe, and the New York Herald, and now contributes to various magazines.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, formerly one of the editors of The Fugitive, is now a graduate student at Yale University.

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